

PUNCH NOVEMBER 6 1961

Vol. CCXLII

PUNCH

2/6

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— Being a fine, light
moonshine morning,
home round the city,
and stopped and
dropped money at five
or six places, which I
was the willinger to
do, it being Christmas
Day. . . ."

Diary of
Samuel Pepys.



A NOTE FOR CHRISTMAS

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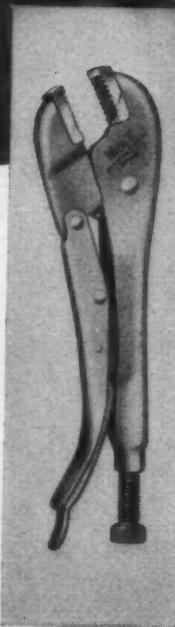
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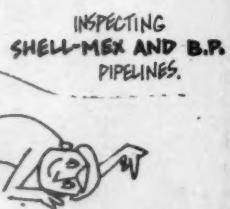


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DOESN'T IT?



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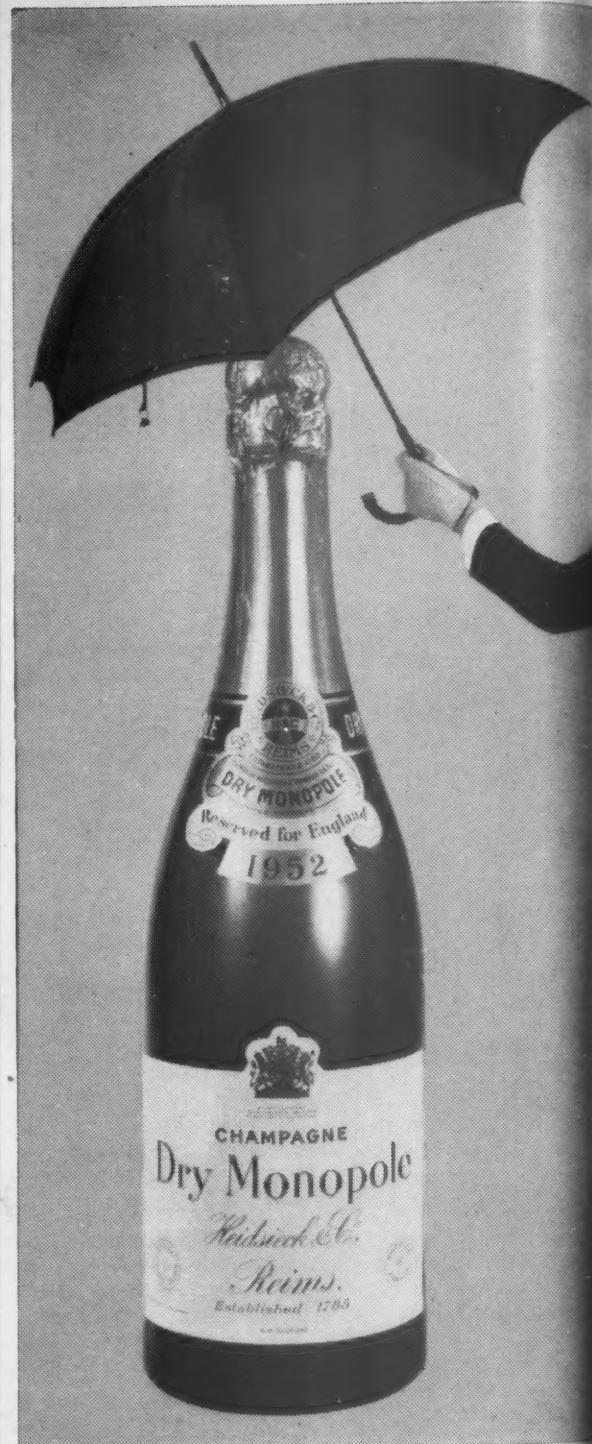
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Punch, November 6 1961

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COLA * BLACKCURRANT JUICE * ALL FRUIT SQUASHES
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THE DARK & MELLOW RUM
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for every occasion

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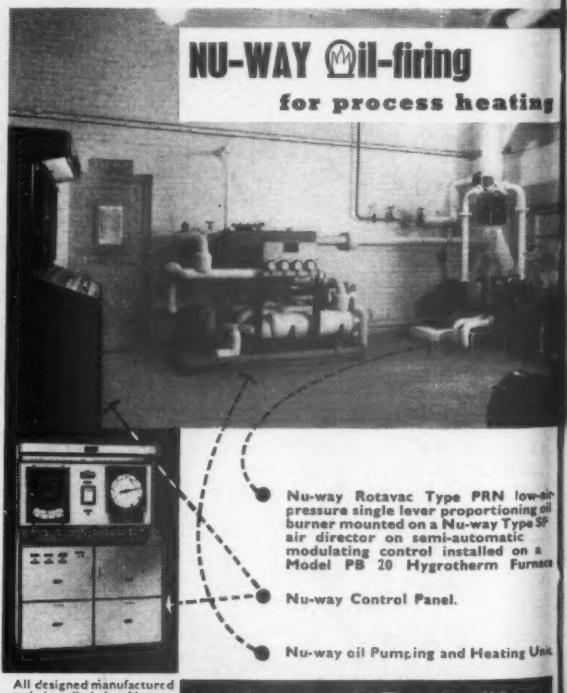
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Dashed mesmerical, sir!

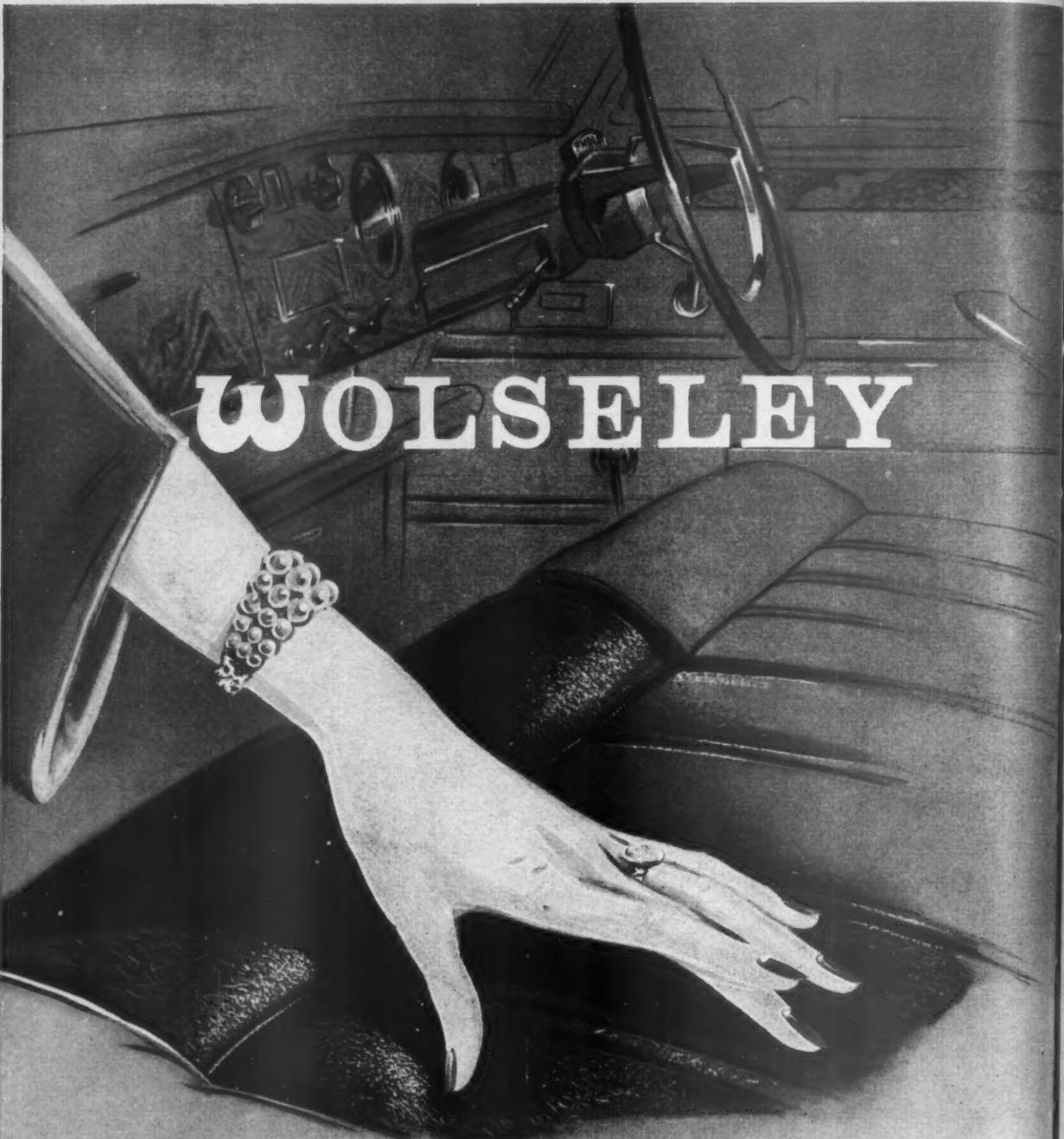
Eyes follow the oscillating logotype... relax with every swing...
limbs going heavy... heavier... relaxing more and more.

Thinking only of conveying and the best way of getting it done.
Eyes closing... hands going limp... still concentrating on conveying
... all kinds of materials... all sorts of conditions. But of course...!

*Out of trance, sigh of relief, reaches for phone, calls Horbury 350**



*The telephone number of Richard Sutcliffe Limited,
Horbury, Wakefield. The people for materials handling.



WOLSELEY

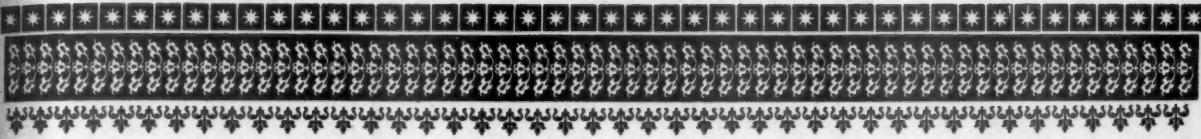
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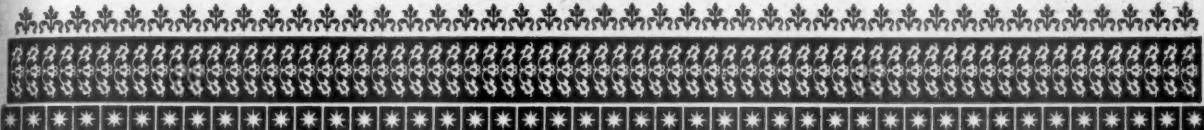
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PUNCH ALMANACK 1962



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With drawings and illustrations by Atchison, Blake, Brockbank, Eric Burgin, Frascino, Mahood, Sempé, Scarfe, Steadman, Starke, Thelwell and David Walsh.



First Quarter 1962

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

Jan. 2, General Wolfe b. 1727. Gray's Elegy not yet written by anyone. Dr. Adenauer b. as long ago as 1876, Jan. 5.

Britain lost Calais to the French, 1558, Jan. 7. Mary Tudor first recorded hole-in-heart case. Jan. 10, League of Nations founded, 1920. Twelfth Night falls about now.

Jan. 20, Mr. Gomulka's National Unity Front overwhelmingly returned in Polish General Election, 1957. Russians take Adrianople, 1878.

High water at London Bridge twice daily. Jan. 27, Mozart would have celebrated 204th birthday.

Four-day week tried, 1962.



JANUARY



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3				
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

Monthly tear-off calendars torn off in some homes and offices. Feb. 1, National Employment Exchanges opened, 1910.

Feb. 5, Ole Bull, Norwegian Composer born, 1810. Look out for Shrove Tuesday and Harold Macmillan's birthday, 1894. Feb. 10, Edison's mother not well, 1847.

Feb. 11, Edison b., 1847. Mean longitude of ascending node worth a look.

Plant beans. Feb. 19, S. Swithin (the Less), patron saint of weather-forecasters. Feb. 24, Simplon Tunnel completed, 1905.

A lucky week for outside-lefts. Mr. Khrushchev denounced Stalin, 1956, Feb. 25. Tear up valentines, baffled.

FEBRUARY



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3				
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Hare-shooting begins. Mar. 3, Treaty of San Stefano (q.v.), 1878. Monthly phases of moon begin. Holiday planning again postponed.

Mar. 5, Stalin d. 1953, results still in doubt. Mar. 8, Last day for sending lists of persons employed in factories.

Venus brilliant as evening star. Mar. 15, Clothes rationing ended, 1949.

Mar. 18, Madame Tussaud's burnt down, 1925. Sumerian civilisation flourished, 3500 BC.

Begins to feel like a five-week month.

MARCH



Second Quarter 1962

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

Girlish laughter starts. *The Times* correspondence on cuckoos. Apr. 2, Nelson sank the Danes, 1801.

Apr. 12, Rodney sinks French, 1782. Plant spinach, you never know.

Apr. 16, Mexican Independence Day: Battle of Culloden, 1746. Send the Inland Revenue a little on account.

Apr. 27, Germans take Athens, 1941. Re-postpone holiday planning. Probably earth up celery. Apr. 28, Japan regained independent sovereign status, 1952.

Short week.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5		
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

May 1, Excursion steamer *General Slocum* caught fire at New York, 1904.

May 8, Harry S. Truman b. 1884. Jack Kennedy not around yet. Resist impulse to cast clouds. May 10, Hess flew in, 1941.

May 13, Geoffrey Crowther b. 1907. J. M. Keynes b. already. May 15, Britain tests H-bomb, 1957. LCC electric tramways inaugurated, 1903.

May 22, Wars of the Roses started, 1455. May 23, Whipsnade opened, 1931. Lawn-mowing season in full swing, 1962.

May 27, Habeas Corpus Act, 1679. May 29, Everest summit (29,002 feet) reached by 4 feet. (Col. Hunt's 2 feet holding back a bit.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2					
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Fall on Fri. and Sat. this year. Jun. 1, State Gambling started under ERNIE, 1957.

Jun. 5, Danish Constitution Day, of special interest to Danes. Jun. 7, Warneford shot down a Zeppelin, 1915; became popular.

Jun. 11, Kamehameha Day, Hawaii; Napoleon took Malta, 1798. Jun. 15, Alcock and Brown flew Atlantic, 1919. Tax return reminders flock in.

Holiday planning now imminent. Jun. 21, Sir C. Auchinleck b. 1884. Hannibal crossed Alps, 218 BC (approx.).

Do not plant turnips unless you like them. Overhaul hose-pipe. Jun. 23, Battle of Plassey, 1757, ought to have been mentioned last week, actually.

APRIL



MAY



JUNE



Third Quarter 1962

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

July 1, Darwin-Wallace paper on Evolution read to Linnaean Society, 1858: the debate continues.
July 3, Dog Days begin.

Calendar compilers hard at work for 1963.

Ditto. July 15, Edict of Nantes revoked, 1685.

July 24, Central London bombed, 1940. Window Tax repealed, 1851. July 25, Blériot flew Channel, 1909, thought to be a good effort.

Calendar compilers for 1963 pass halfway mark. July 29, Eighty planes, thought to be hostile, raid Dover harbour, 1940.



JULY



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4			
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

Holiday planning a must. In relations with others you must show that you can hold your own convictions and keep to them when they are challenged. (Gemini only.)

Aug. 7, Japan concentrates troops on Thai border, 1941. Aug. 11, D. W. Brogan b. 1900. Aeschylus d. 456 BC (approx.). Aug. 5, Oyster season opens.

Roughly 1190th anniversary of Charlemagne becoming king of the Franks. Franks revalued about then. Basil Cameron b. 1884, Aug. 18, Malcolm Sargent still to come.

"Everybody buy a pair of holiday pants week," US. Aug. 25, Webb swam Channel, while there was still room, 1875.

Aug. 28, America discovered oil, 1859.

AUGUST



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1						
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

No news this week.

Sept. 2, Fire of London, 1666, site for Monument thus cleared. Sept. 7, Black Knight launched at Woomera, 1958; many people delighted.

Sept. 14, Gregorian Calendar adopted, 1752; calendar compilers for 1753 thrown into confusion; Cherubini b. 1760, so not affected.

Sept. 16, Hire purchase restrictions relaxed, 1958. Sept. 18, Birth of Dr. Johnson, which is hard to visualise, 1709.

Sept. 25, General Election, Unionist Majority, 1900: "Hang Krüger" movement gaining momentum; Johann Strauss d. 1849, knowing nothing of all this.

SEPTEMBER



Fourth Quarter 1962

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

Plant beans if so inclined. Oct. 6, Italy declares war on Turkey, 1911.

Oct. 7, German troops enter Rumania, 1940. Autumn tints much remarked upon, 1962. Oct. 10, Boer War opened, 1899. Napoleon in Moscow this week, 1812.

Oct. 14, Battle of Hastings, ten hundred and something. Oct. 19, Napoleon leaves Moscow, 1812. US Pioneer space rocket failed to reach moon, 1958.

Oct. 25, London horse-buses withdrawn, 1911. Charge of the Light Brigade, 1854.

Oct. 29, Turkish national holiday, no details available.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3				
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

Saturn may perhaps be seen low in the southwest after sunset (magnitude +0.8) but not to worry.

Delays on Southern Region owing to fog. Nov. 10, Stanley found Livingstone, 1871, greeting him with humorous cliché.

Nov. 11, Liveliness at Ypres, 1915; stocktaking began, 1918. Nov. 17, Bernard Montgomery (as he then was) b. 1887. Looks like a long winter.

Nov. 22, Relief of Lucknow, 1857. Nov. 20, Bank Rate down to 4%, 1958. Nov. 23, Tutankhamen's tomb looted, 1923.

Decision not to send Christmas Cards postponed to next year as usual. Nov. 30, Russians re-take Rostov, 1941. Still time to overhaul draught-proofing.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1						
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23/30	24/31	25	26	27	28	29

No comment, except that Crystal Palace ruins still smouldering, 1936.

Dec. 6, interesting date spacewise: USA fails to launch earth satellite; *Sputnik* completes 1000th circuit of the Earth, 1957.

Dec. 9, Grouse and Black Game Shooting ends; R. A. Butler b. 1902. Diaries, paper-knives, bill-folds, coloured calendars, travelling boot-brush sets begin to flood in from business friends.

Trouser-presses labelled Useful Gift make annual appearance in haberdasher's windows. Dec. 22, George Eliot died, 1880.

Affairs concerning others will make you unsettled and if you allow something important to lapse you must be prepared to pay the penalty at a later date. (Scorpio particularly.) Plant beans.

OCTOBER



NOVEMBER



DECEMBER



"Now that Douglas and Angela are twelve and eleven," wrote my mother to her uncle whom she had not seen since he held her at the font, "we both feel that they should have a settled home background and good sound schooling rather than accompany us back to the Arctic. Steady adult influence, jolly school friends, even a doggy companion are so important in character development at this age, and, of course, an outdoor life and plenty of exercise. Do you think . . .?"

"Send boy can supply all wants," cabled my Great-Uncle. Angela went to an aunt.

The Settled Home Background turned out to be the ramshackle

A Dog My Master

by S. D. BURNFORD

buildings of an abandoned molybdenum mine deep in the remote Northland; its one link with civilisation the single track line of the Northern and Arctic Railroad, and Great-Uncle an elderly geologist, kind, vague and absentminded, who wandered all day with a little hammer and a geiger counter; wrote, tapped and polished half the night; and only ate because Heloise made him. Heloise was the elderly squaw cook, whose only relaxation seemed to be sliding down the old wooden sluice run of the mine on a tin tray when the moon was full, howling like an excited wolf. She was a terrible cook.

The Good Sound Schooling arrived every two months or so—when the North-western Express decanted the two carriages of the School Train on to our siding. First, the flag would be run up, followed by a line of washing; then the teacher would lean out of

the door ringing his bell, and out of the surrounding forest would pour my Jolly School Friends: all the Indian children for miles around who slept under the train or in birchbark shelters, and kept a stewpot of illicit game going by the tracks all day; and the halfbreed trapper's brood who arrived twelve strong by canoe or snowshoe and lived in a tent on baked beans and dripping.

The Schoolteacher had once spent a year in an arctic weather post with nothing to read but 249 copies of *Reader's Digest*, and to this he attributed his remarkable talent for condensation. "Capsular knowledge," he called it, and under his guidance I swallowed three grades in one year. After two weeks spent in cramming six months' knowledge into us he would hand out lengthy assignments all round; his wife would bring in the flag and washing; and the train would pull out again. My jolly friends would fold their tents and steal silently back into the forest, leaving nothing but a pile of bones and empty tins, and a great loneliness. I would be forced then to fall back on Doggy Companionship.

This came in giant St. Bernard size, with a pussy bonus: "Ohne-moosh" and "Kahsugans" as Heloise called them, which meant quite simply Dog and Cat. Cat was black and sinister, with the baleful restless eyes of one enduring unnecessary delay by an incompetent witch—"I told the fool to check her starboard bristles"—She despised me, and meanly stowed her dead discarded snakes and bats under my pillow. Cat was no companion of mine.

Dog, at first, was a kind but tragic figure who spent all his spare time in weary resignation on the back seat of a rusty engineless Model T, his massive brow wrinkled, his face careworn and furrowed, and his eyes, when they were open, preoccupied with his hopeless problem: lack of transport. He had once ridden in the Mission jeep, and had never forgotten the exquisite sensation of effortless movement. Once I borrowed Heloise's tin tray and invited him aboard for a run down the sluice, but it was not a success, for each ride involved an uphill climb first, and he loathed exercise. Cunningly, my great-uncle had arranged to have his meals provided two miles away by an obliging linesman, so twice a day Dog could be seen clambering in and out of his Model T in an agony of indecision; until at last, coerced by

hunger into action, he would shamble sadly down the railway tracks to his distant china wash-basin of food. And when he had polished it so clean that its wreathed red Doulton roses grew fainter every year, he would rest awhile before undertaking the wearisome, hunger-making journey home, and the resumption of his burden of indecision and frustration.

He would make a more stimulating companion when the snow came, my uncle promised me, for Winter was a wonderful time in the Northland. . . . Dog was trained to harness. . . . we would explore the sparkling white hills and lakes together. . . . So the day came when somewhat dubiously I buckled my companion into a kind of horse collar and attached the traces to an ancient sled. Cat looked on, sneering openly. "Just say 'Git!' and he'll go like the wind," said my uncle proudly, while Heloise, more sceptical, handed me a long-handled toasting fork and indicated the action she would take. "Git!" I said, without much hope, but to my astonishment Dog moved, his hind-quarters swaying wearily and reproachfully. I was entranced. The runners squeaked authentically, the wind blew snow flurries in my face, and we crept out over the frozen lake. I was Amundsen, London and all the Courreurs de Bois rolled into one. A mile out Dog cut his paw on a piece of windsharpened ice. He was very upset: his haws drooped under his bloodshot eyes until they looked like twin Turkish crescents; he staggered on three legs, and I thought he would faint when a pinpoint of blood dropped to the snow. Choked with pity for him, I heaved and pushed the suffering maudlin bulk on the sled, and buckled on the harness myself. It was a long haul home. Once I looked around—Dog was lolling back, and on that furrowed careworn face I surprised a look of sensuous, carefree abandon. He quickly veiled this, held up a size 12 paw and whimpered. I felt uneasy.

It took Dog two days only to pin and hold me down inescapably, brainwashed and unresistant, beneath that paw: pathetic, mammoth, it was held aloft less than half a mile out the second day, while the Turkish crescents rose and the weary eyes filled; mute, accusing, it dangled its command on the third day, and thereafter, from inside the sled itself—where my companion sat waiting for me to buckle on the harness and snowshoes and pull him at an exhilar-

arating canter over the countryside. Cat, gloating and triumphant, never failed to see us off. I grew fit and lean: Dog grew plump and prosperous; for I had made the mistake of running him down to his wash-basin one morning when his limp was too heartrending.

Spring came at last: the snow disappeared and Dog was desolated: from the dark cavern of his back seat his tragic, brooding gaze bored into me, and he licked his paw thoughtfully every time I passed. Buds and mosquitoes burgeoned. My great-uncle tapped and pottered and polished. Heloise howled from the sluice run. Cat played her trump card and deposited a batch of evil looking progeny on my bed, forcing me to move to the horsehair sofa which was so slippery that the bedclothes never stayed on. Life could be rugged in the Northland, my Uncle told me, but Spring was wonderful. Oh, to be twelve again, he added, with all my life and God's own country before me . . . Heloise would caulk the canoe. . . . I should fish and explore from it. . . . Dog was trained to sit in the canoe. . . . I should take him along to ward off any lean and hungry bears. . . . I knew when I was beaten. Now every morning, unless mercifully excused by the presence of the School Train, I awaited, paddle poised, while my great-uncle and Heloise steadied the canoe and brave Guardian Dog clambered in and settled himself in the bow. Seated erect, he towered over the sides like a lima bean in a split pea pod. A brief but gracious backward glance indicated that he was ready: to wild hurrahs from Heloise, and admiring clucks from my uncle, I dug my paddle in and we were off on our mad, tempestuous surge around the lake. I never cast a line or set foot on any other shore. I never exchanged so much as a glance with a bear. I saw nothing but the monumental rear of my furry figurehead as my tortured muscles strove to keep him satisfied: for, at the least slackening of pace he would shift his weight in disapproval until the light canoe rocked like an egg shell in an equinoctial, and the only way to stay afloat was to keep on digging, digging, digging in. . . . Cat, and her six small, sneering replicas, never failed to see us off.

Spring and Summer merged and there was no respite. I had one blubber-stained letter from my mother. She said that there was a lot

"I need something borrowed."



Money & Marriage



"I paid for my divorce with a house improvement grant from the council."

of snow in the Arctic, and that the nights were long, which gave her plenty of opportunity, she said, to lie awake and marvel at my good fortune in having all the advantages outlined in her letter. Sometimes I marvelled too.

The leaves began to turn. There was a nip in the air. The Fall was a wonderful time in the Northland, my great-uncle told me. . . . I should go for wonderful walks in the crisp, exhilarating air and gather mushrooms. . . . Heloise would make me a basket. . . . Dog, though not actually trained to gather mushrooms, would accompany me in case I lost my way. . . .

The School Train saved me from a Fall spent staggering home with a basket of mushrooms slung over one shoulder and Dog in a fireman's lift on the other: Heloise was actually thonging the last side of the birchbark basket when it jolted into the siding, and at the first clang of the bell I nearly knocked the school-teacher down in my anxiety to get inside. This eagerness so impressed him that he crammed me with enough capsular knowledge in the next two weeks to try for a scholarship.

I sat for this in the kitchen of the train, Mrs. Schoolteacher invigilating as she baked and scoured. I had just started Geography on the last day when Heloise panted up with the message that the train was to be hitched to a freight in five minutes. So, filling in a map of Egypt with one hand and waving to my jolly friends with the other, as they ran whooping and shouting and letting off firecrackers alongside, we pulled away, the school-teacher casting books and last-minute assignments out of the window like largesse to the multitudes. "The washing. The Flag!" shrieked his wife. Susie Strongbow rallied, and hurled it through the window, line and all, unfortunately lassoing Heloise around the neck as well, so that she trotted beside the train for a hundred yards with purple face and bulging eyes until released by Mrs. Schoolteacher with the breadknife; only to be immediately felled by the last copy of *Our Canadian Heritage* from her husband's hand. Mathieu-Marie Mackenzie, pride and joy of the trapper's brood, shot a firecracker through the window which exploded in the soup, adding new tributaries to my Nile and ruining the washing. Unperturbed, Mrs. Schoolteacher put a meat pie in the oven, and I licked up the Delta gratefully.



The train jolted along past lonely lakes and forests as I wrote. Every ten miles or so the school-teacher would lower the window and toss a textbook at some solitary supplicating figure by the tracks, harvesting its homework at the same time in a sort of shrimp net. It was dark when I finished, and it was agreed that I should jump when the train slowed down at Nolaweh, and make my way home somehow. Big Johnny Polack from the lumber camp would be waiting there for his Third Little Reader and Basic Grammar: he could catch me too. "He's never missed anything—yet!" said my mentor cheerfully as he opened the door and I clung to the swaying step, and "NOW!" he yelled with an encouraging shove as a gigantic figure loomed up in the darkness, and I

sailed through the air and smack into the outstretched arms. . . .

"Goddamn heavy Little Reader I ever caught—" said Big Johnny wonderingly, when I had fanned him back to life ten minutes later with the Basic Grammar. Fortunately it was his birthday and when he had staggered to his feet he was soon as merry and carefree again as only a bull cook in a lumber camp with a birthday can be. Sure, sure, he said, he'd get me home—there was a handcar lying around somewhere—but first, c'mon meet The Boys, I'll celebrate in the Cookhouse. . . .

The Boys were merry and carefree too, those that were upright: the party was in its second day. "Have a slug, Doug," they cried hospitably from the poker game. So Doug had several slugs and settled down to



make the most of this unexpected taste of Steady Adult Influence considered so desirable by his mother. I was a little disappointed when Big Johnny rose abruptly if unsteadily to his feet some hours later and announced that the guys gotta get goin'n'get Doug here home . . . however I scooped my winnings into my pockets with good grace, and arm in arm we tottered up to the tracks and lifted the handcar on to the lines. I crouched in front; behind me the Boys, crammed in like sardines, faced one another across the see-saw bar which propelled the car. "En haut, en bas—" chanted one side, and "Et ça, et là—" came the answering roar, and we were off, the opposing sides rising and falling alternately. A few fell off before we rounded the first bend, but there seemed to be

enough left, for we shot through the darkness at a dizzying speed. "Happy Birthday to youoooo, Happy Birthday to youoooo—Happy Birthday, Big Johnny, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOUOOOO," sang the Boys, to a steady accompaniment of clinks and gurgles and happy belches as they refreshed themselves. We sped on through the night; but, gradually, the pace grew slower and slower as the ranks behind me thinned; each Merry Boy, as he folded, laid tenderly by Big Johnny in the ditch, his empty bottle standing sentinel by the tracks to mark the homeward harvest. Now only Big Johnny and I were left facing one another across the bar, beneath a paling sky, and he was failing visibly—"en haut, en bas—" doggedly we rose and fell.

Two miles from home I saw a

familiar figure shambling along: Dog en route to breakfast. As we whizzed by he recognised me, held up a gargantuan paw, and whimpered. Pavlov would have been proud of him. "Jeez," whimpered Big Johnny in return, his expression as horror-struck as if Dog had been a pink rat waving a temperance banner, "Jeez—a dog hitch-hiker . . ." and he folded in a heap.

I heaved and pulled the great mass of slobbering, joyful Dog aboard, and he planted himself foursquare on Big Johnny. Slowly, sadly and resignedly I rose and fell with the seesaw bar, and we rolled home. "En haut, en bas; et ça et là—" His ears blowing back into my face on the "bas," snuffling rapturously, his eyes alight and sparkling, Dog gazed triumphantly into the distance . . .

It is an adult's duty to point out to the young the infinity of things they could be doing instead of the one thing they happen to be doing.

Down the generations, publishers have tried to help by putting out books with titles like "One Hundred And One (or One Thousand And One) Things a Boy (or a Bright Boy) Can Do." Some of us, deplorably, have grown up without attempting more than two or three of these 101 (or 1,001) things, finding it more satisfying to throw our weight about than throw our voices about (*our* housemaid

brick trap, ensnares a linnet to the lime twig, secures a score of larks or finches with the clap net or takes a nest of full-fledged blackbirds, he experiences a gratification which we have often felt but cannot now describe," says the author, rubbing his hands as far as his home-made birdlime will allow him.

The nightingale, two hours after capture, was to be crammed with mashed sheep's heart and egg. "Keep his wings tied for a few days, and if a kindly bird he will sing in a week." Larks were caught collectively in nets or individually in nooses. A boy who showed skill at netting larks could find useful employment on the slopes at

One Hundred and One Diversions

utterly refused to be frightened by a sepulchral voice which we assured her was coming from the chimney).

There may have been earlier what-to-do books than the *Boy's Own Book*, published by Vizetelly, Branston and Company, of Fleet Street, in 1828, but none can have offered youth so wide a challenge, or introduced it to such a wealth of acids, poisons and high explosives. It was directed to "the robust and the delicate, the contemplative and the ingenuous," but chiefly, one feels, to the robust. The author did not reveal his identity, perhaps because he did not wish to enter into tedious correspondence with parents who complained that, thanks to him, their clocks had been magnetised, their wainscots loopholed and their ponds emptied by sub-aqueous explosions.

What, then, were the recommended diversions for youth in 1828, the year when a fat, tired king was pickling himself in cherry brandy and his people were fussing about rotten boroughs?

Let us start out of doors. Bird-watching was too passive a cult for those days; bird-trapping was the thing. "Whether the boy catches his sparrow in the common

by E. S. TURNER

Dunstable, which yielded 48,000 birds in a season to London dinner tables.

To keep pigeons, one required the permission of the lord of the manor, possibly as a check against "depraved persons" who decoyed other people's birds. If a boy kept pouters he needed to have a certain skill with needle and thread, for when a bird was gorged it would be necessary to "slit the crop from the bottom, take out the meat, wash the crop and sew it up again." The type of stitch was not specified.

No pastime called for such intensive preparation as angling. A boy who could find no lob worms or dew worms in his garden would dig for them in the churchyard (preferably by day, since the body-snatchers dug by night). For catching chub, he needed boiled salmon spawn; and the cook presumably was as

"Think, man, THINK!"



willing to provide a saucepan for this purpose as she was to lend her oven to dry bumblebees. If the cook was non-co-operative, a boy had little hope of making paste baits, which called for old cheese, strong "runnet," the suet of mutton kidney, the inside of the leg of a young rabbit, beeswax and clarified honey, all of which had to be mixed into balls before a gentle fire. If an angler wished to make his own flies, there were a few raw materials he would require from the animal kingdom:

"Bear's and camel's hair of different colours; badger's and spaniel's hair; sheep's wool; hog's down as combed from the roots and bristles of a hog; camlets and mohairs of different colours; cow's hair; abortive calves' and colts' hair; fur of squirrels' tails; tails of black, yellow and dun cats; (tufts) of hare's neck; the fern-coloured ferret's fur; martin's yellow fur; filmer's fur; tails of white weasels, moles and black rabbits; down of a fox's cub; fur that comes off the otter and the otter cub; blackish and brown badger's hair that has lain in a Skinner's lime-pit; hackles from about a cock's neck and such as hang loosely on each side of the tail, of various colours; feathers of all sorts of fowls; and those which cannot be got of the required colours in a natural state, you must get them dyed."

The boy who successfully scoured the slaughter-houses and the menageries, the lime-pits and the farm-yards to amass these materials would be irritated to find that in the ensuing instructions the author kept demanding additional items like "the whirl of an ostrich feather," "the feather of a stare's wing," "two or three hairs of the beard of a black cat" and "the down of a water mouse."

The boy who, tired of trying to catch fish, chose to compete with them in their own element did not have the benefit of webbed flippers, but he had something just as good in the shape of valves on his ankles—"the valve, churning the water when the leg is drawn up, but opening as the leg is pushed back, powerfully drives the swimmer forwards." The adventurous were introduced to a refinement endorsed by a Dr. Franklin, namely, allowing themselves to be drawn along the surface on their backs by means of a kite. "I think it not impossible to cross in this manner from Dover to Calais," said the Doctor. Boys were urged to go for a swim from time to time in their clothes, in order to give them the feel of an experience which would come to them sooner or later.

In wet weather, the boy with a scientific bent was never at a loss. He could get on with the making of his *camera obscura*, in some suitable blacked-out turret of the house, and watch on his white table what the housemaids and gardeners were doing; or perfect his polemoscopes ("by a polemoscope you may see what passes in another place without being seen from thence yourself"). He could create gratifying spectres in the dark with the aid of a box of hot coals, a mirror and a handful of incense; and even better spectres by using opaque slides in his magic lantern, producing the figures of a phantasmagoria which could be made to advance and threaten.

Another promising diversion called for the making of square holes in the wainscots of two adjoining rooms and the insertion of mirrors, which would be linked by unseen, intermediate mirrors. A suitable victim, induced to look into one of these glasses, would see somebody else's face. For a moment he would reel back, then, persuading himself that he was imagining things, he would take another look and see a second strange face. If he found



"A backlog of eighteen 'Book of the Month' books is something to look forward to, isn't it?"

courage to peer in a third time, he would see a third strange face, and so on for as long as the jokers in the next room cared to keep it up.

There were also "aerostatic amusements," notably the construction of Montgolfier-type balloons. This involved much laborious stitching together of strips of silk stuff, varnished over with a mixture of litharge, linseed oil and left-over birdlime. The car was to be made of wicker work. "If a parachute be required, it should be constructed so as, when distended, to form but a small segment of a sphere and not a complete hemisphere." It is none too clear, at times, whether the author is describing a real or a model balloon and he is very vague about propulsion and control. On the whole one feels he is more at home making artificial dragon-flies than balloons. He mentions that the "philosophical instrument makers" sell small balloons in the shape of a bladder made from a turkey's maw, for filling with hydrogen; which leaves one eagerly speculating what else the philosophical instrument makers sold.

The author is a shade more specific, but still insufficiently so, when he gives tips on fire-walking and fire-eating. "Take juice of marshmallow, white of eggs, flea-cane seed and lime; powder and mix them with juice of radish and the white of egg; mix all thoroughly and with this composition anoint your body or hands and allow it to dry; afterwards anoint again and you may then boldly take up red-hot iron without hurt." The ingredients may well be correct, but the proportions are not specified. If a novice mixed in too little flea-cane seed and a shade too much radish juice, could he be sure of emerging unscathed? A certain vagueness also mars the instructions for fire-eating. The tongue is to be coated with "hard soap or a soap paste," which will preserve it from a hot iron passed rapidly over it. The more rapidly the better, perhaps.

To wash his hands in molten lead a boy would first rub them all over with an ointment made of one ounce of quicksilver, two ounces of good bole-armoniac, half an ounce of camphor and two ounces of aqua vitae. Note that the proportions are specified this time. This is

almost certainly the safest of the three recipes, if anyone cares to put it to the test.

We are now in the realm of chemical feats, which range from converting gold objects into "a pretty yellow liquid" to breaking an iron bar "as thick as your arm" by first softening it up with "ardent water of three distillations." As jolly a trick as any is the one called "Hideous Metamorphosis." It involves no more preparation than rubbing the powder of nut galls on a towel and dissolving some green copperas in a bowl of water, which will still remain clear. Anyone washing in this water and drying himself on the towel will be amused to find his face and hands have turned black. Not permanently, of course. If he repeatedly washes with soap, and chooses his towel carefully, his features should be normal again "in a few days."

T

here are many other agreeable tricks, some of them practised, or at least attempted, to this day, like pulling off a person's shirt without undressing him or drawing a cord to and fro through one's nose. Eggs are especial fun. Boil one hard, pick off a small scrap of shell, insert a plugged quill of quicksilver and "as long as the egg remains warm it will not cease dancing about." Alternatively, take a goose egg, empty it, insert a live bat and glue the pieces together again. "The bat will cause the egg to move about in a manner that will cause much astonishment." This trick is described as "The Flying Egg," a claim which seems a trifle strong. Did the author, in his zeal to pass on fascinating tips, sometimes omit to test out every idea for himself?

Many of the notions propounded in the *Boy's Own Book* were copied or adopted by compilers of similar works. Recipes for making bird-lime were still offered in late Victorian years, by which time every compilation of things to do included instruction in the making of stink bombs. Most of those fire balloons which bobbed over the rooftops in the 'eighties, with Catherine wheels spinning, were designed in accordance with instructions in the *Boy's Own Paper*. That journal also offered its readers an unsparing course in taxidermy, but a boy who had practised vivisection on pouter pigeons probably took this gory art in his stride. Someone would surely tell him to wash the arsenical soap from his hands before he came to the table.

Both the *Boy's Own Paper* and Samuel Beeton's earlier *Boy's Own Magazine* gave readers detailed instructions in how to build steam engines, using metal or wood. A saucepan (perhaps the one used for boiling salmon spawn) could be adapted to serve as a boiler and the tube of a telescope as a cylinder, but all the rest had to be made from scratch—from molten metal if necessary. No prefabricated parts were available from dealers (or philosophical instrument makers) and the boy was expected to make minimum use of the tinman. There was every reason for following instructions carefully, for an ill-executed steam engine could do as much damage as home-made fireworks.

To-day bright boys no longer make steam engines or thrill to titles like *The Boy's Pump Book*. The brightest of them make analogue computers, not without recourse to prefabricated parts. It is excessively clever of them, all the same. Watching them wield the soldering tool, one can only marvel at the dexterity which, in another day, might have been side-tracked into glueing angry bats inside goose eggs.



5 minutes' difference

In a great picture the artist captures for ever an instant of time. If he had painted it a little earlier or later the picture would be different. G. W. ADAMSON examines the possibilities.



- (1) Interior with Soldiers by de Hooch*
- (2) St. George and the Dragon by Uccello*
- (3) The Zouave Milliet by Van Gogh
- (4) The Persistence of Memory by Salvador Dalí†
- (5) Composition in Red, Yellow, and Blue by Mondrian

* Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees, the National Gallery, London.
† Reproduced by courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.



10 minutes before



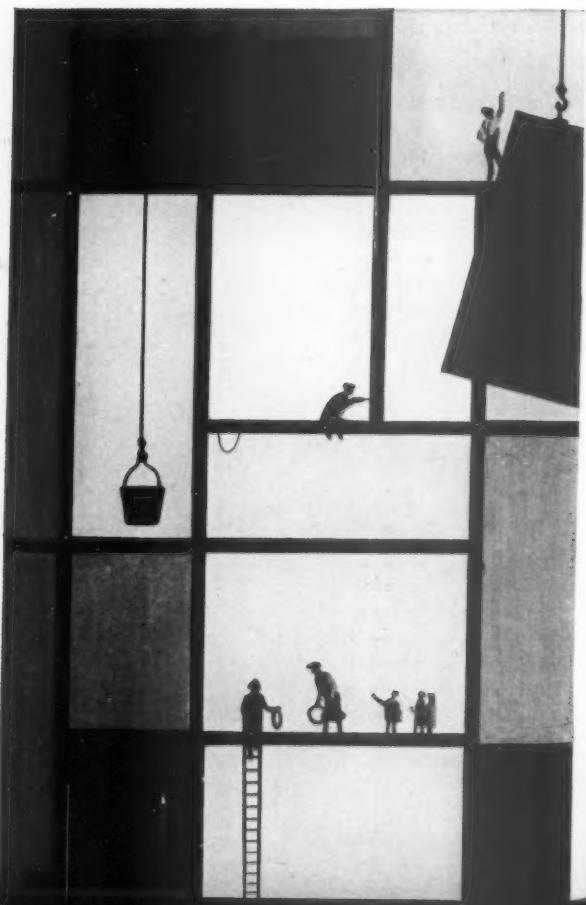
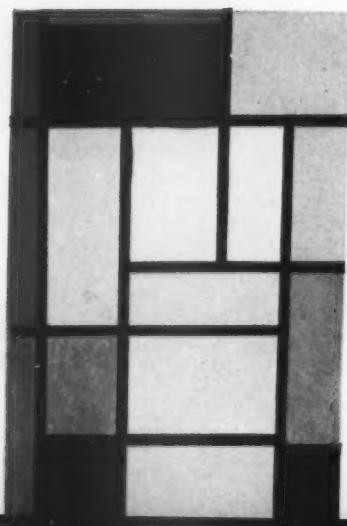
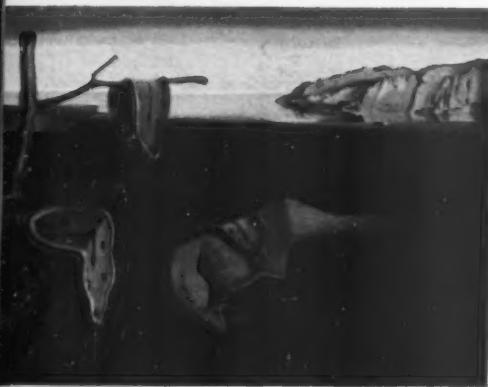
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Five minutes before



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Vol. CXXIV

THE PARTY-GIVER

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No. 3

EDITORIAL

The traditional policy of *The Party-Giver* has been similar to that of our distinguished contemporary *The Times*: we give modified support to whatever government is in power. We celebrate their successes and console ourselves over their failures.

* * *

But there comes a time when a man must speak out, as distinctly as he is able. The season of good cheer is almost on us. Over a half of what we drink during that genial time we will drink for the Government; one third of every crockery replacement, a quarter of the fee for the children's conjurer, a quarter of the hire of each and every waiter, more than half the petrol our guests will use to reach us, more than half of each cigarette they will smoke—the list is endless. And what is the Government doing for us? Nothing.

It is a, literally, sobering thought.

You will hear unthinking people say that parties are a frivolity, and that it is right that frivolities should bear a greater burden of taxation than "serious" things. This is a cockeyed philosophy. Let us go back to first principles.

* * *

The aim of human life, it is generally agreed, is leisure, enjoyment, fulfilment—call it what you will. And it has long been accepted that The Party (in whatever guise, be it barbecue or beano, orgy, fiesta or crush) is, among civilised peoples, the highest embodiment of this aim. We often hear criticisms of taxes upon the means to a better life—the washing-machines, the motor-cars, the very linoleum—but what are we to think of a series of crippling impositions upon the end itself?

Once again *The Party-Giver* has invited distinguished figures in all walks of public life to describe the party they themselves most enjoyed during the past year.

EARL ATTLEE

There was a party at a house in Kensington to which I was invited. Some of the guests were connected with politics, and some were not. We were given sherry or cocktails to drink, and a great variety of small savoury confections to eat. I met several interesting people. An American scientist told me that the Russians had sent two polar bears in a rocket to Mars and that they had come back mentally deranged, which seemed to me very extraordinary. I inquired if the Americans had any rockets capable of lifting polar bears, but he either could not or would not tell me. It was a very interesting occasion.

**STIRLING MOSS**

I cannot say that I enjoyed any parties during 1961 because of the miseries of getting to and from the places where they were held. Until the Ministry of Transport faces the inevitable and covers the whole of the Home Counties with tarmac (with underground tunnels for slow-moving traffic) there is going to be a dearth of decent entertainment in England.

**VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN**

The best party of the year was the one which I gave at my home, Islington Mill, Alton, to mark the publication of my book, *My Talks with Mao*. The guests were selected from those who knew enough about the subject of my book to be interesting, and those who knew so little they would find anything interesting. There were also some beautiful women. The "Q" side, as we say, was organised to my precise instructions by reliable caterers, and each guest was allotted the correct proportion of gin, sherry and solid food. When the last guest had been checked in, I went to my caravan and slept soundly until the morning. This has been my invariable practice at every party since Alamein.

**A FOREIGN OFFICE SPOKESMAN**

I cannot, of course, reveal where the party in question took place, nor who, if anyone, attended, but free and frank discussions were held and a sound basis laid for further exploratory parties, which may in turn lead, though it is too early to be dogmatic, to some sort of a Summit party. Yes, there was plenty to eat and, er, drink.



KINGSLEY AMIS

Well, there was that larky-do at *Lacus Solis* University when one of the stinks researchers hit on a new way to make air. There's some by-product they get out of it that tastes exactly like beer. Some of these Martian dons can put the stuff away all right. Of course it's easier for them, having two heads. Some of the females are pretty humanoid, all the same, not to say Monroe.

HAROLD PINTER

When I got to the place where it said on the invitation card the party was, there were only two people there, the barman and a dwarf in shirt-sleeves, who was sitting cross-legged on the bar-stool. No one took any notice of me for a long time, then the barman suddenly shouted at me, "Have a Scotch!" He put a large Scotch on the counter in front of me. "They'll want to know about it upstairs," he warned me. Before I had drunk half of it he gave me another, and then another, until there were twelve or thirteen lined up on the bar. Every time he gave me one he shouted about the people upstairs. I asked the dwarf who they were upstairs, but he didn't know. "I'm waiting for a bloke called Pinter," he said. "I'm Pinter," I told him. "No, you're the wrong one," he said. When the party was over I went home and made three acts out of it.

DR. BRONOWSKI

I conducted a most interesting experiment in front of some television cameras. I got sixteen distinguished chemists along and invited each of them to drink a tasteless, colourless fluid from a test-tube—one of the carbohydrates, vodka actually. I then spoke to them for three-quarters of an hour about the structure of the alcohol molecule, which they knew all about already. By this time all sixteen were silent and morose, though on the amount of vodka they had consumed they would normally have been gay and talkative. I thus demonstrated that it is possible to inhibit, by psychological means, the exhilarating effect of alcohol. I enjoyed myself immensely.



JOAN LITTLEWOOD

I went to a — fine party in Hackney, with none of the usual — — — — — s there, and we sang some — good songs until the — police came and slung us into the gutter at three in the — morning.

GREAT HOSTESSES—No. 38



LADY MACBETH

Just because a party happened a long time ago it does not mean that the modern hostess has nothing to learn from it. Manners, recipes and even the times of meals may change, but guests remain the same, and so do the husbands of hostesses.

It is amusing to note that though the famous party at Forres was "a solemn supper," the invitations went out only that very morning, and by word of mouth. "Solemn" of course does not mean gloomy; the host was in a hearty mood and plenty of drink was available, and, to judge by modern stage reconstructions of the event, there was a good deal of banging of goblets on the table.

A brilliant company was assembled, almost all of them titled; the food, we may be sure, was plentiful. Indeed catering in those days was a very primitive science, usually wasteful enough for the guests to be able to amuse themselves by tossing legs of mutton to the boar-hounds. Everybody knew everybody, so there was no need for awkward introductions and the embarrassing silences which so often follow them. All seemed set for

a perfectly splendid occasion. Yet Lady Macbeth's solemn supper has gone down in history as one of the ghastliest flops on record.

What went wrong?

The disaster can be traced to a single cause. *Lady Macbeth* allowed her husband to let his business affairs intrude upon his duties as a host. Hardly had the guests arrived before he was at a side door whispering to one of his minions about some transaction in which he was interested. We are all used to businessmen who have to bring home bulging briefcases of homework from time to time. But this is an occupation for quiet evenings free from social cares. When there is entertaining to be done both host and hostess must buckle to. Indeed the wise hostess will not allow her husband to speak of business affairs, even to one of his guests, until the ladies have left and the port is circulating.

This is not only for her own benefit and that of her guests. Look what happened to Macbeth himself. He returned, apparently as affable as

(continued on page 98)

News From All Quarters

New in Mayfair, a street party to be given on the north side of Belgrave Square by Baroness ("Footie") De Krutz. "The police have been sweet about it," says the Baroness, "and have promised to make space for the chairs and coloured umbrellas by towing away all the cars they can." Confidentially, I can tell the police that they're in for an amusing evening. All the guests have been told to come in police uniform.

* * *

Bicycles are in again socially, ever since the reports that Queen Fabiola was learning to ride. Two bicycle parties were held last week, with varying success. The first, Mr. and Mrs. Kevin Tangbourne's, in the grounds of their Worthing home, was partly spoiled by rain, though guests in many cases cheated a little. Told to "arrive by bicycle" they drove to the house in their estate cars, took out their machines and cycled, or in some cases, pushed them from the entrance gates to the front door. "There didn't seem much point in it," said Mr. Alban Rush, a guest who fell off and cut his knee. The other bicycle party was that of the Misses Fiona and Pamela Plain-Hoover, when continuous cycling was

obligatory. Only skilled "no hands" performers got anything to eat and drink. A Mr. Ribboner, who arrived by tricycle under the impression that this was some kind of rally, was playfully pelted with saddle-bags, pumps and tools. To console some of their guests the Misses Plain-Hoover are planning a Drive-In Party, where people will drive in, eat, drink and go.

* * *

Medical students at St. Michael's Hospital are to hold a late-night, lights-out jazzfest in the dissecting room.

* * *

"I'm so bored with all my friends," Lady Mary Packet told our reporter at her Sunningdale house last Saturday. Enjoying her wine and cheese were twelve people she had never seen before, each wearing a number on his or her back. "With this sort of do," said Lady Mary, "there's a worse danger of gate-crashers than ever." How did she recruit her unusual guests? A pin and the Surrey telephone directory. "You'd never believe how often I stuck a friend with the first go." Mr. Edwin Botter confessed afterwards that he had in fact been introduced to Lady Mary

at an exhibition of dogs' bedding before the war, but wasn't going to "let on" while there was any Stilton left.

* * *

A novel way of getting the conversation going was employed by Lord Kniffing at his cocktail party on Tuesday at Kniffing Towers. Each guest received a card with a discussion subject printed on it, and was put on his honour to talk about it for five minutes before introducing any topic of his own. Unluckiest draw went to Sir Mildmay Waxly — "What was the influence of Hermes on modern chamber music achieved by stringing a tortoise-shell with cow-gut?" Sir Mildmay is tone-deaf, and a keen member of the League Against Cruel Sports.

* * *

United Motor Manufacturers celebrated their 40th birthday in style last week with a fancy-dress ball in which everyone came as a component of the internal combustion engine. The Hon. Athena Parrot, daughter of U.M.M. chairman, Baron Parrot, was cleverly costumed as a carburettor, but owing to some prankster's adeptness with mixed drinks had soon lost her superstructure and was running from room to room with the cry, "Look, I'm flooded."

* * *

A tip from America. New York socialite Mrs. Henry D. Vasepainter bought a boat-rocking machine at Twentieth-Century Fox's recent sale and has installed it under her drawing-room floor. A touch of a button, the floor rises and falls, and the more conservative of the guests think they've had all they can take, make their farewells and go. "That cuts it down to the ones who are fun," she explains with a rich laugh.

* * *

Mrs. Tappett, one of Wolverhampton's leading hostesses, has become so tired of cigarette-burns left by guests that she is having the house redecorated and refurnished throughout with "cigarette-burn décor." All carpets and furnishing are in a design that looks as if it's been burned by cigarettes already.

* * *

Forty potter's wheels were part of the equipment moved into Binksome Towers, home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Schopenhauer-Smith last week-end for a forthcoming party to celebrate their daughter Berenice's successful completion of an LCC evening class on pottery. All guests must "have a shot at a pot" before being permitted any food or drink. "It will discourage snide remarks about Berenice's achievement," says Mrs. Schopenhauer-Smith, "which will make all the mess well worth while."

* * *

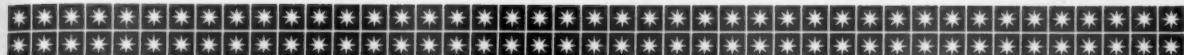
Sir Harvey Ginn will play thirty-six of his own motets for lute at his party next Tuesday. He reports that the great majority of acceptances are not yet in.

Children's Corner



You must often have seen the parties your Mummy and Daddy give. How many things can you see wrong with this one? I think I can see sixteen, though I don't know whether to count the man on the right with the beard. Sometimes people like him do come to parties. When you have written down all the mistakes you can see, as neatly as you can, colour the picture in (red noses are vulgar!) and send it to Auntie Joy with your name, address and age. I will give a prize for the best answer and the best picture—a wonderful book called **101 Things to Eat**.





THE ALIGARH DILEMMA by Claud Cockburn

Unless the world blows up or there is a prolonged strike in the printing industry, you are soon going to read in newspapers a number of controversial stories concerning animals. Before the year is out, a new book, with an animal as its central figure, will be on sale. This is a statistical certainty.

It is not possible to predict precisely what the newspaper controversies will be about. By and large they will certainly deal with allegedly undue harassment of animals by humans, as in the bloodsports row, or similar harassment of men by animals, as in renewed rabbit menace to farmers. For these topics are always with us. The animal subject of the book is even less predictable. But there will be such a book because, as an American reviewer wrote in reference to some recent best-seller, "an animal may be a publisher's best friend these days."

Conventionally there is supposed to be something quaint, not to say morbid, about our preoccupation with the animals around us. There are foreigners who do not scruple to write snide things about our confusions and supposed hypocrisies in this connection. Confused we may be. But we should smartly riposte to these easy sneerers that to shrug off the animal problem is as parochial as to shrug off the problems of outer space. In bothering about animals Britain leads the world. And there is nothing at all quaint or morbid in thinking about monkeys.

It is not the easiest thing in the world to do, as was discovered by a leading New England university president, general educator and part-time diplomat, A. L. Valentine, whom Washington sent a while back to straighten Pandit Nehru's thinking on essentials. With Nehru he seems, according to his own account, to have got almost nowhere. Neither he nor the Pandit knew what in the name of Vishnu or Jehovah the other was booming away about. And boom they surely did. The pay-off came when Mr. Valentine got out in the countryside near Aligarh with an Indian educator and part-time diplomat. In that district monkeys were going about in regiments destroying crops. (In case anyone supposes that we now have to focus on some strictly Indian problem about monkeys, which do not pester much in Britain, it would be a good mental exercise here to keep saying "rabbits" whenever the man in the story says "monkeys.")

So there we are with Mr. Valentine, a man with a logical mind such as we have ourselves, and he says to the Indian "Since the monkeys are destroying the food supply, with the result that the local children are grievously under-nourished, how'd it be to sort of kill off the monkeys?" The Indian says "Can't do. Local religion forbids." American Valentine, no doubt briefed by CIA, says "But you personally are a Nestorian Christian and, if memory serves, a Balliol man. Nothing says that Christian Balliol men mustn't kill monkeys if logical thinking points that way." They seem to have pootered along a bit in a last remnant of togetherness, and then this Indian made a notable remark.

"You say" (said he) "that we must either starve children or kill monkeys. I note, not for the first time, that Western logic now, as so often, and on so many different occasions, leads to a choice between unacceptable alternatives."

The man from Connecticut deemed this remark at the best rum, at the worst devious. But, on a do-it-yourself psychoanalysing basis, just how

A study of the relations between humans and animals, including not only fox-hunting and kindred sports but also nice problems such as the use of apes in laboratories and do rats count? With illustrations and a little history.



rum, how devious, does it seem to be? And if, which Heaven forbid, a man rushed across the platform as you were getting into the 5-55 and said "How many monkeys would you care to kill to save so and so many children?" just how quick, straightforward and totally logical is your answer going to be? (A BBC *Any Questions* panel did it a month or so ago. They were answering a question about "all these experiments on monkeys and mice and so on." It was obviously the big question of the evening. You could actually hear that significant noise that happens when the audience and the performers give that little shift of the seat on the chair which means "this looks like It." They said (of course) that they viewed with undisguised horror any form



of cruelty to animals. Then they said—and we are not laughing at them now, because almost every honest person has at one time and another said the same thing—that of course if cruelty to animals meant saving human lives . . . etc. etc. etc. It is surely not needful to draw a map. They were up against the Aligarh dilemma—the unacceptable alternatives.)

Rats. This is where we have to start thinking not just about those cute monkeys away off there in Aligarh, India, but about rats which are certainly not far off and are not (why not?) cute. Shrewd, yes. Tenacious. Lovely lissome little creatures having all the qualities of character that we want our children to have. "Be a rat, my boy. Be good-looking, intelligent and bold. Take, as your model in life, the rat." Nobody says that. All right to emulate the lion. Call a man lion-hearted and he is pleased to hear that that was the thing you said of him. Naturally you lose his friendship if you go on to explain that what

you meant when you said that was that he was the kind of creature that went creeping about behind bushes, waiting for something smaller than itself to attack, preferring when possible to gorge itself on carrion which someone else has taken the trouble to kill. That's what being a lion means. At least it's what it means to lions. And it must surely be unfair to lions to hold against them that they do not live up to the human notion of what a lion should be.

So why, one may ask, are we beastly to rats and absurdly good—in our hearts—to lions? Why, somewhere in the middle of this mess, come rabbits, which are partly those dear little bunnies on the covers of illustrated children's books at Christmas, and partly noxious vermin menacing to our farmers and food supply, whom we do right to massacre in millions with cruel germ warfare?

Why, in fact, was it so exceedingly offensive when the late Aneurin Bevan said in a famous, or notorious, speech that he considered Tories "vermin?" Lions are vermin. In Africa you can get a bounty for bringing in the tail of any lion you have done away with by any means. But from Lord





Hailsham onwards there are few Tories who would have objected seriously to being called lions. That, it seems, was not what they thought of as vermin.

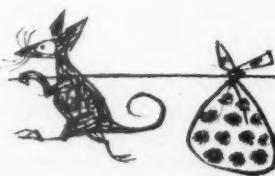
Foxes are vermin too. But a not too sensitive man doesn't seriously object to being called a fox—unless the name-caller goes to the length of stating in so many words that he desires to see that fox hunted down by horses and hounds and ultimately torn to bloody pieces. Owls rank as vermin. Yet we seem to esteem them. (Note, however, for future brooding, the fact that in our linguistic practice owls are "wise" yet to term a fellow human "owlish" implies that he is pretty much of a fool. For people who are short of something to talk about this could be a thing about which to talk.)

Running our fingers thus down the list of certified vermin from lions to bed-bugs we are stopped short by, once again, rats. That seems a fairly easy one. Everyone knows there is something horribly wrong about rats. When, the other day, they found some plastic material that would shoo starlings away from our great public buildings, it was noted with satisfaction that this material would do no serious harm to the starlings (whom we love but do not want to have around and about all the time) but had been evolved from some other type of plastic deterrent which really kills rats—poisons them through their tender feet. Right to poison rats, wrong to poison starlings. How schizophrenic can we all get? To which somebody replies that rats have always given us the horrors and probably it is something wholly basic—maybe our monkey ancestors were frightened of rats, and we feel the same way.

It is regrettably necessary to disturb everyone's peace by stating that this isn't true either. For many a generation we simply co-existed with rats.



I do not recall anyone positively praising the creatures, but there was no shuddering about them. This, quite incidentally, was where Shakespeare picked up a bit of posthumous credit because of that rather clever thing he was supposed to have written in *Hamlet* about the rat behind the arras. As it were, a *double entendre*, and—for an Elizabethan—rather smart. With no wish to debunk anyone or anything, one has to state that Shakespeare had no notion at all that one could make a *double entendre* about rats. It never occurred to him that it was going to be well nigh one hundred and twenty years before the audience was going to think in that way about Hamlet's remark about Polonius. Because in Shakespeare's day all we had here in England were the little old black rats. We were against them the way we were against fleas. But they had no symbol status. Rats only got where they are to-day in the literary world when the brown rats, the Herrenfolk of the rat world, restlessly migrating from Central Asia, crossed Europe in millions and, taking ship, landed in Britain, where, within a very few years, they took over from the little, relatively lethargic black fellows and really put rats on the horror map. It was only then that "rat" became



a dirty word, only then that politicians and satirists, seeking the nastiest thing they could find to say of anyone, said "rat."

If anyone is looking for a clue to the way we feel about animals this is where it is. Or, to be pedantic, this is where part of the clue is to part of the way we feel. Rats became a term of abuse as and when real rats seemed to become more menacing than ever they had been before. To get really and truly in the bad books of the human race, so that otherwise kind-hearted, not notably sadistic people think nothing of going to a chemist and buying something that will cause an animal to die in slow agony, an animal has to suggest to the humans that he is their equal. To suggest that he might even be their superior. That, for the animal, is a fatal step.

Ants took that step, and for many a long year were strenuously hated by everyone except cold-blooded scientific observers. Children of that era were brought to detest ants because they were held up as models of industry. Adults, a very little later, were brought to a similar pitch of loathing by being told that ants were not only industrious but had strong social and community feeling, each for all and all for each, and were an object lesson to the type of anti-social ruffian who tried to cheat on his income tax returns. An ant would not do that.

Then, a matter of ten or fifteen years ago, one of the cold-blooded observers came back from some observatory in the Caribbean with the news that ants were, as a matter of cold-blooded fact, damn fools. When they marched round and round and up and down in their apparently disciplined and socially responsible way they did so merely because the male ants, misled by a false scent laid by the observers, thought that if they could only keep together and keep on going a bit longer, they were going to find a huge harem of female ants and have fun. Female ants a few hundred yards away were doing the same thing. Superficially the whole thing looked like the Wehrmacht on parade, and was alarming because it suggested that ants were better organised than we are, and might take over. It gave people complexes, thinking of the chaos of their own lives and of how poorly they measured up in comparison with the little brown fellows. Small wonder that the moment the scientists proved ants to be at least as stupid as everyone else, and sex-crazy into the bargain, ants began to get a better press. People had stopped being afraid of them.

Just now, as everyone knows, porpoises are moving into the danger area. Since the American Navy started researching them, there has not been a week when some magazine has not carried a piece saying, in effect, that if any living creatures are going to take over as and when the human race willingly or reluctantly leaves the scene, it's going to be the porpoises. We smile benignly. We are glad that it's not, after all, going to be ants or serpents, but those fussy, nearly cuddlesome porpoises. A comfortable thought. But at the risk of annoying everyone one has to note that the reason the porpoise takeover is regarded so cosily is almost certainly because we do not have porpoises in our daily lives the way we have rats and ants.

Yet our kindly attitude to the porpoises is, perhaps and even probably, the true key to our attitude to animals—to the lions we admire from such a safe distance, to the rabbits whom, when it seems they are costing us money, we do to death in tortures which even we of the Auschwitz and Belsen generation can hardly imagine.

Perhaps in the end we shall achieve that easy co-existence with animals which, so their historians say, characterised the Seminole Indians. They hunted animals, killed them, and ate them the way they hunted, killed and sometimes ate their fellow men. But they had, the historian alleges, no sense of fear and no sense of superiority. They, in their way, had solved the "Aligarh Dilemma without accepting either of the unacceptable alternatives."



THE
FILM STORY
STORY

GERALD
SCARFE

1875

All pictures
reached their ultimate
perfection and
the wonder was
created — THE MOVIES.

It was my vocation
working as a tea-boy, I began
my climb to fame.

Every day stars were discovered

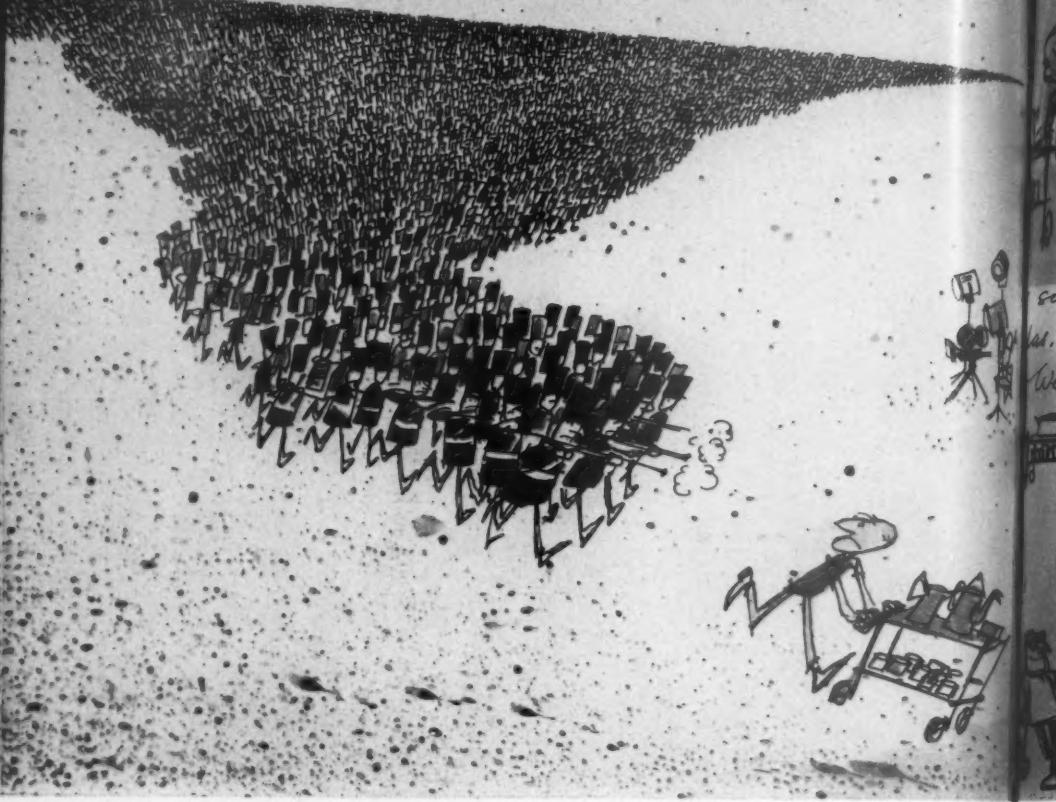
and cast in lavish produc-

Audiences flock to see
the new wonder of the world

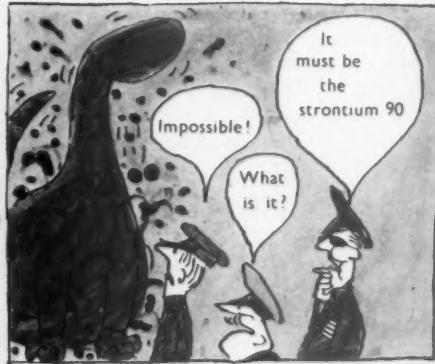
was an entertainment which
a definite effect upon the public

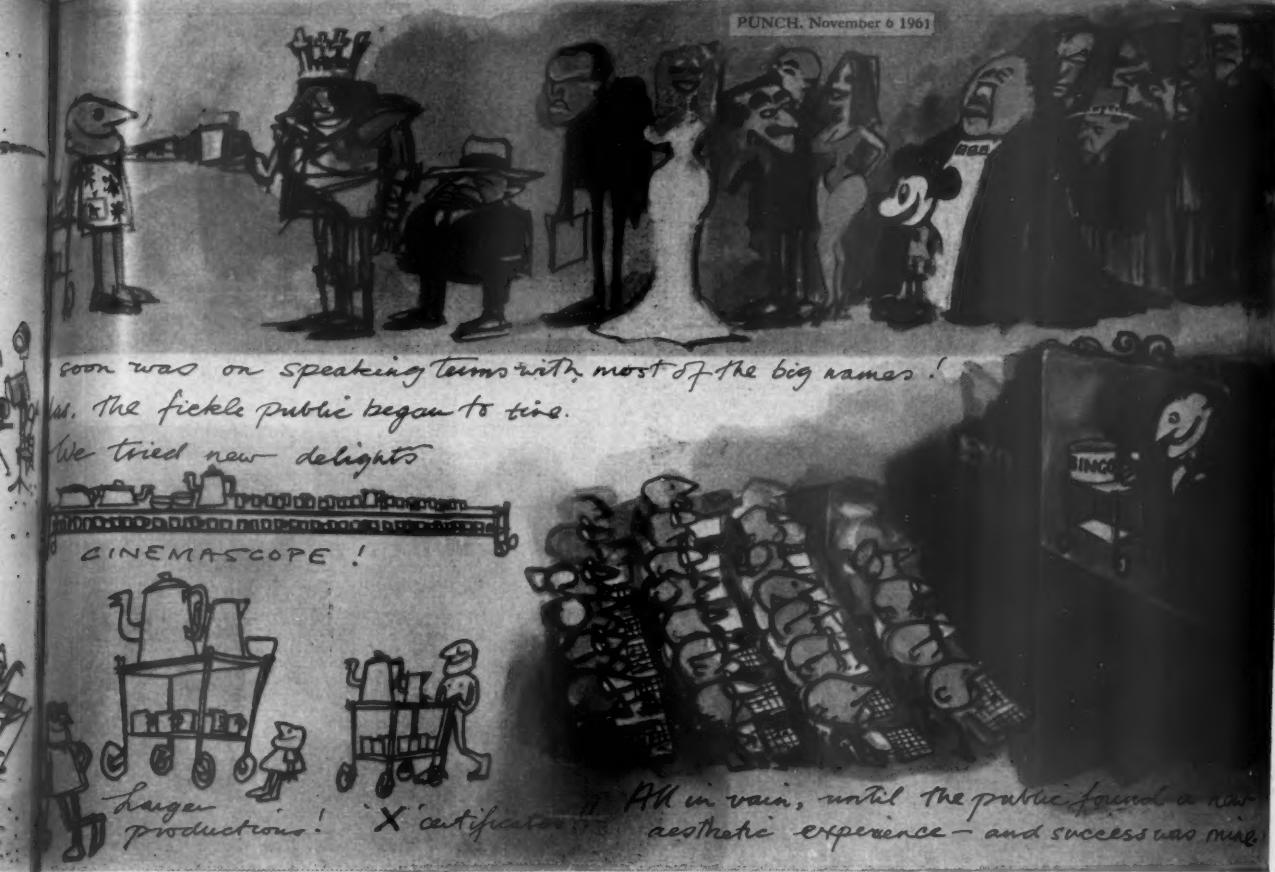
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It was about this time I inadvertently had my first film part...



he Film Story Story—continued







MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH...



GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS

by P. G. Wodehouse

When you reach the age of eighty, as I managed to last month, you have a tendency to look back over the years and regrets pop up, not so much for what you have done as for what you have left undone. I, for instance, wish I had learned French. I wish I had grown a moustache. I wish I had mastered the art of public speaking, so that I could have swayed vast audiences and convulsed Old Boy dinners with my stories of the two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, who were walking along Broadway. But as I sit in my inglenook mumbling over my clay pipe, I think what I regret most is that I did not murder more interviewers. A few are buried in my garden, but you should have seen the ones that got away. I once had Rene McColl, the roving reporter of the *Daily Express*, at my Remsenburg residence for a whole afternoon and let him rove back to New York. Mistaken kindness.

Evelyn Waugh and Randolph Churchill are the only people I know who are capable of dealing with interviewers as they should be dealt with. Evelyn just throws them out. Randolph comes back at them with such vigour that they lose their nerve and are never the same again. The one he handled last time he was over in America has disappeared, and they think he may have gone into a nursing home. I lack their splendid courage. When I meet interviewers, I wear the mask and no doubt give the impression of being suave, but how I hate their glassy eyes and pimpled faces. Down here on Long Island we have a species of bloodsucking tick which nestles in the grass and crawls up the trouser leg. I have seldom met an interviewer who could not have joined the troupe and no questions asked.

I was an interviewer myself once, and I know I must have impressed a number of people in just this way. There was a weekly paper sixty years ago which ran a page entitled "The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw," and I used to get a guinea for going round

asking celebrities what was the b.d. they ever s. They were all quite nice to me except Winston Churchill, who very wisely refused to see me, but I must have ruined their day. "What was the bravest deed you ever saw?", I would say, and then sit gaping at them like a sheep looking over a hedge. And as hardly any of them had ever seen a brave deed and conversationally I had shot my bolt, rather long silences ensued, and they were relieved when I rose to go.

But at least they had the satisfaction of knowing that I was not going to write a stinker about them. The mordant interview is a modern product. In the old days a celebrity could be sure that when any member of the Jukes family called for a chat, what appeared in whatever paper it was would be on the fulsome side. None of that business you have to-day of making the chap look like a piece of cheese. We were reverent then and treated celebrities as celebrities. We featured their noble brows and calm, steady eyes, and would not have dreamed of calling attention to their thinning hair and the bagginess of their trousers. If during our visit they were kind to the dog, we never failed to mention it. But modern interviewers seem to look on a celebrity as if he were a book that had been sent to them for review. Bless my soul, what illegitimate offspring and sons of bachelors they are, to be sure. What hope is there, I wonder, that they will all choke on fishbones?

The only interviewers to whom, if they were drowning, I would not throw an anvil are the ones on American television. The fellow from the daily paper traps you into unguarded remarks and if you don't make unguarded remarks puts them into your mouth, but the television man, bless him, never lets you say anything. He is dynamic and effervescent, obviously the life of every party to which he lends his presence,

and he is determined that in the half hour you are with him there shall not be a dull moment.

"... pleasure in introducing Mr. P. G. Wodehouse who, I am sure, will have a whole lot to tell us on the subject of humour ... what it is, how it differs from wit and all that sort of boloney. Mr. Wodehouse, as you all know, is the creator of those delightful characters ... of many delightful characters in such books as ... in many of his delightful books, and we can hardly wait to get the lowdown on how he does it. Tell me, Mr. Wodehouse ... you don't mind if I call you Percy? ..."

"It isn't my ..."

"Fine. Splendid. Capital. Tell me, Percy, would you say that a humorist is a man who loves his fellow-men, like the guy in that poem we used to have to read at school who found an angel in bed, or that's the way I got the story, and a nasty shock it must have given him, I've always felt ... loves his fellow-men, but sees the funny side of them. Sort of caricaturist, wouldn't you describe him as?"

"Well ..."

"I thought you would say that. There's always a comic side to life, isn't there? As a matter of fact, a funny thing happened to me on my way to the studio tonight. I was coming along, and this man came up to me ... but it wouldn't seem so funny unless you knew the fellow. Tell me, Percy, getting down to brass tacks, what do you feel has given your life its particular shape?"

"Well ..."

"Exactly. And in the matter of humour would you say that comedy is a game played to throw reflections upon social life, and it deals with human nature in the drawingroom of civilised men and women, where we have no dust of the struggling outer world, no mire, no violent crashes, to make the correctness of the representation convincing? In other words credulity is not wooed through the impressionable senses, nor have we recourse to the small circular glow

of the watchmaker's eye to raise in bright relief minutest grains of evidence for the routing of credulity. The Comic Spirit conceives a definite situation for a number of characters, and rejects all accessories in the exclusive pursuit of them and their speech. Right? Quite. Well, thank you, Percy, it has been most interesting to get your views on this very interesting subject, thank you, thank you, thank you. And now an important announcement from our sponsor."

That sort of thing is fine, and I am always willing to join in one of these cosy television get-togethers, but if any more New York correspondents of London newspapers come wriggling out from under a flat stone and invading my privacy, dogs will be set on them and they will think they have been dropping on Evelyn Waugh. There is something about New York correspondents of London newspapers that makes one doubt that man can really be Nature's last word. I have a theory that their editors send them over here just to get them out of the office, but it is a low trick to play on a friendly ally and causes a good deal of resentment in a city which already has to put up with pigeons and Tammany Hall.

The only time I ever enjoyed an interview with a New York correspondent of a London newspaper was one hot day last summer. My visitor was the usual subhuman type, and I think he must have been experimenting with some new form of hair lotion, for gradually, as we sat in the sunshine, his hair began to change colour and when he left, it was a bright green. Fascinating to watch. It made all the difference to an afternoon which otherwise would have been tedious.

But it is too much to expect this to happen again, and in future when these children of unmarried parents ring up to suggest a meeting, I shall imitate the spirited behaviour of the Kansas City Athletic baseball club, to which I referred in a contribution to this journal some years ago. If you remember, the director of sports at a Chicago broadcasting station wanted to interview these athletes and was informed by them that they would be charmed if he would do so, provided he donated fifty dollars to each of them. No fifty fish, no interview.

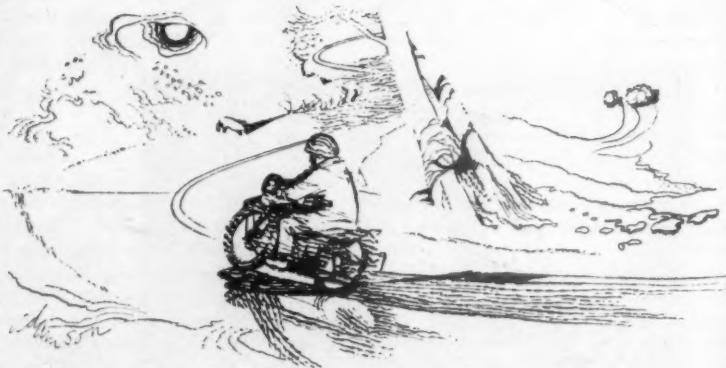
That is the line to take. Might as well make something out of it. We octogenarians have to look to the future.

To Mercury, With a Crash Helmet

by P. M. HUBBARD

GOD of all ways of going, I am old,
Or aging, and my motor-bike is sold.
Here is my helmet. Let it not be said
I so assumed survival as to make
No proper offering now that I forsake
The balanced wheel and the wind, and have instead
A wheel-base and a roof over my head:
But take my helmet, Mercury, and take
All that it meant, danger and fear and fall,
Splendour and speed and peace, Mercury take them all.

Mercury take my solitude, which bound
My still mind in a cell of moving sound,
Walled with the wind of my own going, freed
From the hand-touch and the affinities of mind
Of the warm world caught up and cast behind:
Now no more can I keep, for all my need,
The inviolable secrecy of speed
Behind my walls of wind, but am resigned
To await what comes and let the world intrude,
As the world will. Mercury take my solitude.



Mercury take the blinding rain, which hid
From puckered eyes the mischief that it did,
Sapping assayed safeties, wearing thin
 Remarked margins, very quick to spread
 A wet treachery under the tyres' tread,
Wielding my own speed and driving in
 Cold between helmet and hair, scarf and skin,
 Wearing down body and heart and head:
This I shall screened see, but not again
Feel it in all my bones. Mercury take the rain.

Mercury take the breathless curves, when I
Sat stable pivot to a heeling sky,
The sweet, inevitable line I rode,
 Leaning upon my speed, hung in the huge
 Sustaining circle of the centrifuge,
With all my senses centred on the node
 Where the tyres' screaming crenels bit the road.
Now I am old, Mercury be my judge,
I lift this loved load from my hand and nerves
Before they fail my need. Mercury take the curves.

Mercury take the timeless cold, which beat
Feeling and strength from finger-tips and feet,
Little by little, as a fire starts,
 Stealthily driving back the dividing line
 Between sense and senseless, metal and mind, to combine
Hand and handle-bar, foot-rest and foot, as parts
 Of a galloping steel-cold beast with twin hearts,
The fire in the belly of the bike and the fire in mine,
Seats of beset heat, which yet controlled
Bone intergrown with steel. Mercury take the cold.



Mercury take my helmet. It has been
Symbol and safeguard, and has stood between
My mind and fear, my head and the hard blows
 Of many roads and weathers. It has stood
 On scruffy café tables while my blood
Recalled to pain my finger-tips and toes.
It has gone with me wherever a man goes
 By land. But now I hang it up for good.
So to your keeping, Mercury, I commit
This helmet, since I have no further use for it.



Background to BRITAIN

Food

Not all the real news appears in the newspapers. No parliamentary correspondent has explained the prominence of the Kitchen Committee in debates during 1961. No glossy magazine has told us what the really smart railway porter is wearing. Nor have the domestic magazines recorded all the changing minutiae of life round sink and hearthrug.

This does not matter to us. We know. But our countless readers in the Commonwealth are due for a few surprises when they come "home." The next six pages are designed to help prepare them for the necessary readjustments, and may also be of use to stay-at-homes who have not noticed what is going on.

NOT so long ago it was *quiche Lorraine*. You could hardly go out to a cocktail party without somebody tipping you off about the delicious *quiche* they made in the penthouse restaurant of the new block at the far end of the Finchley Road. At the dinner-table grave discussions would arise as to the proper ingredients of a *quiche* and the desirability or otherwise of putting cheese in the filling.

No doubt it was the recipes put out by the public relations departments of our big food firms and taken up by magazines as editorial backing for advertising which in the end put the *quiche* out of business as a talking point.

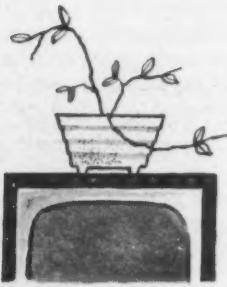
By the time our aspiring cooks had absorbed instructions to make this French regional dish with a pre-fabricated pie-shell, a couple of triangles of processed cheese and a tin of evaporated milk, nothing much of

the original remained. The Lorraine part had got away from the *quiche*, and with it its charm and glamour.

A similar fate had already overtaken the Italian *pizza* and the *salade Niçoise*, which by the time they'd all finished with it turned out to be nothing more than the time-honoured English mixture of lettuce, tomato, beetroot and hard-boiled eggs. And now it's the turn of a cold soup called *crème Vichyssoise*.

This recipe, as evolved some forty years ago by Louis Diat, the French-born chef of the New York Ritz-Carlton, is, basically, every French housewife's potato and leek soup, puréed, chilled, enriched with fresh cream and sprinkled with chives. One of our troubles about reproducing this dish here in England is that leeks go out of season about the beginning, if any, of the summer, and don't normally come into the shops again until the end of it. Which means that if you *must* have Vichyssoise during the heat-wave period then it has to come out of a tin. Those people,

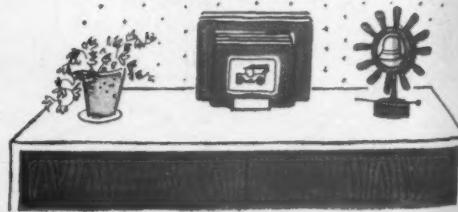
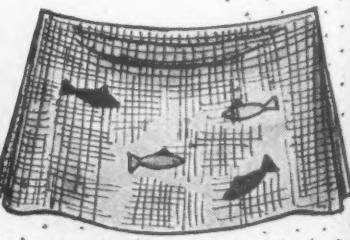
Décor



Symbolic of the spread of culture is the new floral aesthetic that unites the inherent British love of flowers with the magic of the Orient.



Design of house-signs shows continuity of rural tradition without slavish copying of past techniques.



The taste and culture of the great department stores has spread to countless homes. Below is featured a sensitive "wall-display" combining clever use of no longer needed pram net with cardboard fishes, cut-out and painted.

however, who won't stoop to tinned soups but still want to be in the swim with their Vichyssoise, have taken to using cucumber instead of leeks, and watercress or mint instead of chives—which are hard to come by unless you grow them yourself. The mixture is still thick and rich and cold—and what's, after all, in a name?

All this seems to be typical of the uneasy phase which English cooking is going through. As soon as any dish with a vaguely romantic-sounding name (you may well ask why anyone should associate Vichy with romance) becomes known you find it's got befogged by the solemn mystique which can elevate a routine leek and potato soup into what the heroine of a recent upper-class-larks novel refers to as "my perfected Vichyssoise." Then a semi-glamour monthly publishes a recipe in which the original few pence-worth of kitchen garden vegetables are omitted entirely and their place taken by cream of chicken soup and French cream cheese. With astounding rapidity the food processors move in, and launch some even further debased version which in a wink is turning up at banquets and parties and on the menus of provincial hotels.

"**INGREDIENTS.** Skim Milk Powder, Edible Fat, Flour, Gelatine, Super-Glycerinated Fats, Whole Dried Egg, Cayenne Pepper, Lemon, Oil, Edible Colour. Immerse unopened bag in boiling water and simmer for ten

minutes." So runs the legend on a packet of boil-in-the-bag Hollandaise (cut along dotted line and squeeze into sauceboat) garnered from the deep-freeze in a self-service store in the King's Road, Chelsea.

What I'm waiting for is the day when it's going to be clever to serve some relaxed English dish like cauliflower cheese. It'll be fun to watch it going up in the world, and getting into the glossies (pin a gigantic starched linen napkin round the platter) and the sub-Mitford novels (Jean-Pierre's got a hangover and won't touch a thing except Fortnum's tinned cauliflower cheese), thence into the women's weeklies (Maureen was piping her own very special cheese dip round the cauliflower. The candles were lit . . .), and eventually through all the inevitable transformations and degradations until dehydrated, double-quick deep-frozen, reboiled and rebagged, it finally reaches the tables of our residential hotels and the trays of forty-guinea-a-week nursing homes.

— ELIZABETH DAVID

Politics

THOUGH there were occasional intimations of hostility from sources ranging in predictability from Mr. Anthony Fell to Mr. Peter Cook, Mr. Macmillan's Government seemed on the surface to weather the year

with no more than the routine amount of opposition. The "little budget" in the summer, the first cautious moves towards the Common Market, the establishment of licensed betting-houses, each earned approbation or disapprobation from the expected quarters. It is only by examining certain very curious affairs in more obscure quarters that it becomes evident that the Government's supporters are in the grip of as dangerous a malaise as ever afflicted the Labour Party. It is necessary to go back two or three years to get these matters into their proper perspective.

First in importance is the affair of the Kitchen Committee. Until 1959, the Kitchen Committee operated under the capable chairmanship of Sir William Steward, a caterer by profession. His skilled direction enabled the Committee to obliterate the deficit that had annually crowned their labours for so long and to operate at a most reasonable profit. For this, Sir William was very properly awarded a knighthood.

What happened? In the 1959 Election Sir William did not even stand for his old seat at West Woolwich, and the chairmanship of the Kitchen Committee passed to Sir Herbert Butcher. Sir Herbert is a surveyor by profession. He is also a National Liberal in politics.

Affairs came to a head in August, when a group of Members tabled a

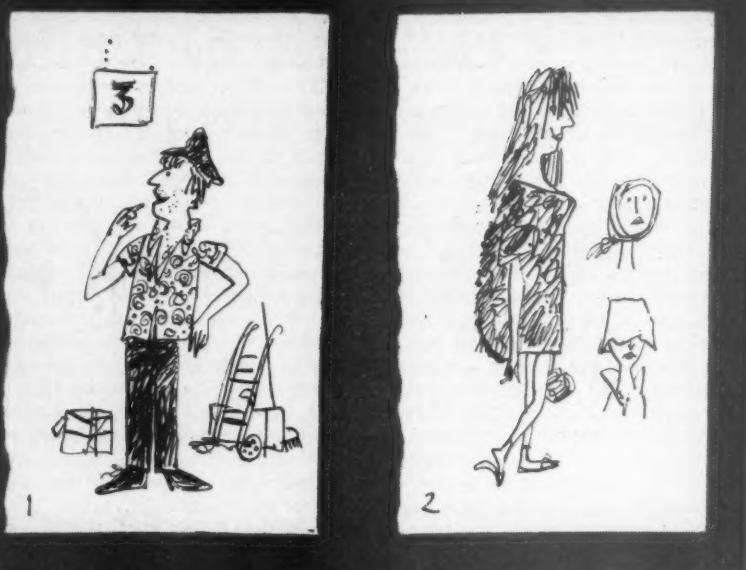
Holidays abroad have opened British eyes to the splendours of out-door living. This sun-drenched patio is typical of many to be found in suburban homes.



Open-plan interiors have brought an added dimension and new depth to the contemporary way of life. The kitchen is cleverly concealed behind the settee.

Fashion

(1) Railway porters wear savage Hawaiian shirts which brighten the stations and increase the public's wanderlust. (2) Nubile young women combine vast, scratchy sweaters (cave-girl syndrome) with skin-thin pants and walk-impeding sandals (easy-to-capture-wild-creature accessories). (3) Skimpy little-girl dresses are made ominous by very foreign-looking bags, all raffia, artichoke stalks and razor-sharp cane. (4) Plain rambling clothes assume a cosmopolitan air with colourful souvenir badges. The crests of unpronounceable Albanian spas are top favourites with stay-at-homes. (5) Eased out of his protective cocoon of wool, the Englishman now looks and feels utterly miserable in his new unlined, featherweight crease-prone summer suit in St. Tropez beige.



vote of censure on the Kitchen Committee, ostensibly for charging increased prices for tobacco and cigarettes after the "little budget" earlier than was recommended by the trade. Who were these twenty-one dissatisfied Parliamentarians? Examination of the list of their names reveals that they were *all Socialists*. Where, it may be asked, was Lord Hinchingbrooke? Where was Sir Harry Legge-Bourke? Where Mr. Nabarro? Sir Thomas Moore? Dame Irene Ward?

Before attempting to answer these questions, let us turn to the case of the Second Church Estates Commissioner—a case that shows disturbingly similar features. Until three years ago, this office was held by Sir John Crowder. In 1959 it passed to Mr. (now Sir) Hubert Ashton, although Sir John remained a Member of the House. In the 1959 Election Sir John, like Sir William Steward, gave up his safe seat; and in the same year Mr. Ashton was made a KBE.

This potentially explosive situation has remained unchanged throughout the whole of the past year, although Sir John Crowder's son, Mr. Petre Crowder, continues to sit in the House as Conservative Member for Ruislip. Who is behind this strange conspiracy of silence?

There remains the sinister business

of the Heralds College. Almost unremarked in the daily prints, some interesting readjustments took place this year in the College of Arms. Walter John George Verco, after a tenure of the office of Rouge Croix Pursuivant distinguished more for devotion than for brilliance, is suddenly elevated to the appointment of Chester Herald. What has James Arnold Frere, FSA, done to be shifted from his job, earned by a splendid record as Bluemantle Pursuivant, at the early age of forty-one? A fair question, you may say; but an even fairer one is, What has Lieutenant-Colonel Rodney Onslow Dennys done? For it is Colonel Dennys whom we now find gracing the office of Rouge Croix Pursuivant.

Any one of these mysteries on its own might arouse misgivings; taken in conjunction, they indicate a state of affairs in which all is far from healthy. It is vain for the Government to plead that it had the full backing of its supporters in amending the Trustees Act, when the Independent Television Authority can decline to screen the Prime Minister's apology for the state of the nation; and when that apology, transmitted on the "establishment" network of the BBC, comes twentieth in the Hit Parade, we must conclude that something is seriously amiss.

— B. A. YOUNG

Sociological Notes

IMPRESSION that England is now a materialistic society must be dispelled; country never fuller of people aware value spiritual qualities (their own) as opposed futility stereophonic clutter and anodised hammock-swings (other people's). This not to be confused with parallel awareness, generally on wet Mondays near beginning of month, that the simple life is the one lived by the rich. On class-war front BBC is doing sterling work mixing Old Snob pronunciation with New Ignorant so as to keep both sides feeling superior. Mass communications generally, what with Eurovision and parish magazines being syndicated in middle, have reached pitch when sensitive section population wonders, is collective unconscious growing or getting used up? Newspaper mergers have created, among readers of winning paper, new brand chauvinism consisting of finding unreadable the stuff that has crashed their feature-pages. But on whole public is now merger-proof and would never expect to ask for recommended brand of bike or light-bulb without learning is the same as the one they've been warned against.

Classy dogs and transistor wire-



lesses, both at about 16 gns., have flooded life with marked effects. Dogs' owners' polite friends fling nervous glances at right-hand back corner of mind, or wherever childhood precepts kept, at hearing selves praise an animal for *not* being a mongrel. With transistors, effect is on sets themselves; wonderful how they respond to good home and will sit bumbling on sideboards and getting mentally told they are never turned off buses.

With vans (tax-free) now being the only genuinely privately-owned vehicles (apart from gleaming convertibles belonging village supermarket owners) on our roads, modern thinking has to be complex to point of paradox. Hence, average roomful biscuit-eaters to-day will accept however angrily that muscle-force kindled by corrugated pack's outer transparent cover will also shatter pack itself and half the biscuits; but get some idiot banging knee on jutting-out bit of electricity showrooms and you also get crowd urging letter of complaint to Government.

Sex war doing well, especially with men's new disgusting trend towards being *tidy* instead of lovable old rag-bags. Note of retreating hysteria in men's shout that women drive worse is matched by TV female programme-announcers' pretty air of having

trouble with the long words. In also flourishing age war, parents are at last sorting out what they really want to teach young from what they only thought they did; you can't speak like that to *me*, you can't wear that *yet*, still on doubtful list. Children continue to be jolly nice to crazy mixed-up elders, explaining how universe bends, why Shakespeare is old creep, etc. Pre-plastics age-group, now chief inheritor sense of wonder, gets funny impression when opening gramophone lid of having reached the Future; is oddly comforted to think itself same fallible human, afraid indoor mice, incapable answering very unanswered correspondence. Same age-group, by way, having done laundry in bath, self alongside, in 1941, is the one that knows what it feels like when it drinks tea with tea-bag left in.

Parents paying school bills tie currently top with British Railways for never getting kind word in print. Having just been in a minicab is no longer more newsworthy than just having flown the Atlantic. Minority movements anti war memoirs, photography mystique and foodmanship, pro holiday camps for sort of people who hate holiday camps, beaver away ineffectively.

Final note; typical evening's conversation is either all about oil-fired

central heating or so good that people have hailed Mort Sahl as almost as funny as their brighter friends. Possibly two reasons here why, in spite of all said above, nobody sane would have liked to live any time other than now.

— ANGELA MILNE

Literature

Angry Young Men: Secret club believed to have been founded by John Osborne, Kingsley Amis, Henry Fairlie or Christopher Marlowe. Now shut down. John Wain from time to time vehemently denies membership.

Attitudes: Writers are expected to have clearly defined attitudes towards CND, Africa, capital punishment, Castro, jazz, teenagers, General de Gaulle, school uniform, expense accounts, racial prejudice, Timothy Beaumont and the function of the Monarchy.

Clothes: Form of quiet self-expression (Dame Edith Sitwell's aquamarines, Professor Graves's Spanish hat, Professor Day Lewis's Harris tweed overcoat bought in Cheltenham). Very little bohemianism in dress among new, younger writers; those from Salford do not wear jeans.

Commitment: Source of guilt-feelings in many writers. Committed

Architecture

There has been considerable interest in the proposals for a new Festival of Britain, and several architectural schemes have been put forward. Easily the most exciting is that prepared by Sir Rowland Dunnerby FRIBA, which exploits, in his own words, "far and away the most successful technique of selling invented by Man. And if the purpose of a Festival of Britain is not to sell Britain, what is it?"

One of Sir Rowland's exciting designs (a breakthrough in architectural draughtsmanship) is shown on the far right and on the immediate right is an artist's impression of how the building, which will be constructed by the latest techniques in ferro-cardboard, will look in its probable setting.



writers all unanimously in favour of right attitudes towards vital contemporary issues (See Attitudes, above).

Cultural activities: *Trad*: beach-combing in the South, overeating langoustes, underwater fishing, looking after lemurs, going to luncheon with Lady Diana Cooper, exchanging wives, attending cocktail parties to meet Mr. Daniel George.

Modern: not going abroad except to film festivals, CND, Arnold Wesker's study-group, recording LPs of own poetry, jazz clubs, being interviewed by Mr. Muggeridge, attending cocktail parties to meet Mr. Daniel George.

Dissent: Valuable attitude invented by American cabaret-entertainers. Taken up by *Beyond the Fringe* in what could easily be called a viable breakthrough.

Houses: Those fit for writers to live in are now often Queen Anneish, may contain a Nolan and several affluent children. Recognised culture-areas include Cornwall, Sussex, Canonbury, Wakefield, Salford, King's College Cambridge and unpretentious corners of Provence. Art in garrets no longer feature of London cultural scene.

Intellectuals: Obsolete term associated with Spanish Civil War, Mandarins, towers (Ivory, White, Dark, etc.).

Lady writers: Important and

popular section of cultural community, carrying entire responsibility for selling newspapers, magazines and collected knitting patterns. Lady writer with biggest output, earning capacity and influence: Enid Blyton. Other famous contemporary ladies: Iris Murdoch (specialist in symbols, Wittgenstein; admired by all, understood by everyone except Toynbee and Kee; loved in Russia as the Charles Dickens of 1961); Muriel Spark (spearhead of witty Roman Catholic Revival, publishes new book each month); Ivy Compton-Burnett (invented dialogue without he-said-she-said; entertains quietly from time to time); Nancy Spain (expert on Monarchy for *Elle*).

Language: Understood by Professor Ayer. Not to be used experimentally. Fine writing (more than two adjectives per sentence) to be avoided at all costs. Used to excess by Lawrence Durrell owing to decadent influence of Abroad.

Mass media: Approved ways of making money through m.m. include writing additional dialogue for wide Old Testament films, working part-time on *Cleopatra*, writing Science Fiction and working-class serials for television. M.m. must be understood and adjusted as vital part of contemporary scene.

Money, means of making: Travel articles for American publications, retainers from American publications,

lecture tours in America, selling MSS to American universities. See also Mass Media. Respected by all writers. Studied as form of intellectual exercise by Television Dons and members of Romantic Novelists' Club. **Poetry:** Mostly written by men with short, fierce names (Thom, Ted). Brought back into lives of masses by John Wain. Organised at Oxford by Professor Starkie.

Provinces: Fertile post-war culture-areas. Chips with everything. Invented fiction-wise by Harry Hoff.

Theatre, revolution in: Organised by George Devine, Joan Littlewood and Trade Unions under Arnold Wesker. Committed critics deny squalor, rude words, kitchen-sinks, etc. Popularised by anti-actor Albert Finney.

Topics of cultured conversation: Wakefield. Jerusalem. Means of making money.

Totem-figures: Joyce, Nathanael West, Mort Sahl, St. Jean Perse, Cavafy, Marguerite Duras, William Golding.

Pop totem-figure: Salinger.

Ritual sacrifice: Lawrence Durrell.

Whither: (of the novel) subject for anxious concern. Many vote for William Golding's direction, though few are sure what that is.

Whence: (of the novel) Australia, the West Indies.

— SIRIOL HUGH JONES

BRITIBITS



Cut out these **Britware** tokens and send them, enclosing only four billion dollars, to Happimac Distributing Co. (Britware Offer), 10 Downing St., London, S.W.1, England, and you will receive by return of post (or within three years, whichever is the longer) a quantity of magnificent examples of British Craftsmanship with our elegant Royal Arms on them. You can choose anything you like, from hydro-electric generators to plastic egg-openers, but we cannot guarantee that your own government will let you import your **Britware**.

everybody
NEEDS
BRITAIN

you need Britain, especially if you are underdeveloped. Britain will help you build up your nation. And here, thanks to the trade of scientific packaging, Britain is in its most palatable

BRITIBITS

MONOCRAT ENRICHED



When you think of Britain, think of Britbits. Delicious chunky bits, biteable and British, cut out into amusing traditional shapes and covered with a ready mixture that is our special secret. Swallow in a daze of delight, and you know what you've got until you're trying to digest them. Why not try the bumper Commonwealth pack? It might save money!

FREE inside!

PLASTIC
TESTER

LOOK OUT
FOR THESE
JINGO MASKS

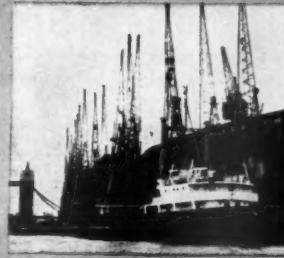
HITCHIE BROOKE
MANNIE CHINWOOOL
WENDY McWOOD

BRITIBITS



WIN A DREAM ALLY!

All you have to do is study the three pictures below and tick whichever of the explanations seems to you the most plausible. Then complete, in not more than twelve words, the sentence beginning "British is Best because . . ." and send your entry, together with a signed blank trade agreement, to the President of the Board of Trade (Dream Ally Comp.), London, England.



These docks are idle because:

The dockers are all communists

The bosses are making extortionate demands

Arsenal are playing Spuds

It is the British way of doing things

This miner is working an uneconomic three-foot seam because:

The Minister feels like A Man when he visits it

His wife does not want to move to another valley

The country cannot afford to rely on oil

It is the British way of doing things

This washing-machine is designed like this because:

It is beautiful

It is efficient

It will sell like hot cakes in Latin America

It is the British way of doing things

RULES

1. The competition is open to anyone in possession of large sums of negotiable currency.
2. The competition may seem to have closed on August 4, 1914, but is still going on, we like to think.
3. No correspondence will be entered into concerning any complaints over the running of the competition or the fairness of the completed trade agreements.
4. The judges' decision is final, until they change their minds.
5. The winner will not actually own the British Isles, but will have the satisfaction of having helped to keep them going for another decade.
6. In the event of a tie, Britain's allegiance will be divided.

Enter now!

I SAY, ECTUALLY!

"Who's the
Anglophile
with the
BRITISH
PERSONALITY?"
says the Duke of Jedford



JOHNNY
BULL'S
MAXIE
BEAVER

JINGOMASKS



Cut along
dotted line



RIPE, I CRY

by Gwyn Thomas

There were two large buildings on the southern bank of the River Moody in Meadow Prospect. One was a cinema, the Coliseum. The other was a jam factory. Neither building had any trace of beauty and both were owned by Luther Cann.

Luther was a small, flamboyant man. He always wore a bowler and a bow-tie which made him stick up like a flag-pole in a place where the majority of heads went in for flat caps and where concern for what went around the neck had reached its lowest ebb. Luther was a hedonist, apolitical and a loud foe of the dialectical ferment that went on in the Library and Institute. He said he made more sense out of the hissing that went on in the vats of boiling fruit in his factory. Whenever he was the chairman of a concert, which was often, for he was about the only person in Meadow Prospect who could say "Ladies and Gentlemen" in a suave, unthreatening way, he always remarked how grateful he was, how delighted to have become a purveyor at once of films and jam, unique dampers to slow the burning of thoughtful discontent in the skull of man.

Often in the Col., when pacing up and down the aisle, followed by Charlie Lush, his chief usher, he would see some diehard dissident ignoring the screen and muttering things to his neighbours that put life in a bad light. Luther would send Charlie Lush to the factory and when he returned Luther would slip the dissident a threepenny pot of the sweetest product in Luther's catalogue.

Luther's ownership of both cinema and factory led to some brisk bits of barter. On Saturday afternoons Luther staged his children's matinee, "the rush," called that because between one and two p.m. on Saturdays the children swarmed down the hillsides like lemmings to crowd Luther's benches. When the benches were full Luther packed the side aisles and a fair number were pinned breathless to the wall, having the plot relayed to them by chains of interpreters who were out in the clear. The walls of the Col. were interesting. Luther was a Welsh patriot in his own style and he had the place festooned with murals suggesting the broad history of the Welsh Celt from the rout of the Iceni through a gallery of Welshmen who had helped to defeat Napoleon, and winding up with a portrait of the Conservative porter at Meadow Prospect station who had deliberately mislaid Lloyd George's gladstone bag in 1905. The murals did not last long. The Conservative porter was stealthily whitewashed by a group of Radicals in the course of a

film whose musical efforts were loud enough to muffle the rustle of their brush work. A torrential type of condensation which on peak-nights gave the hall the feel of a poor bathyscope did for the rest. Clients shuffling too close to the wall could easily go home with a wheel of Boadicea's chariot. It was the one cinema you could enter without a stain on your character and leave with a portrait of General Picton on the back of your mac.

Admission cost one penny. If the economic curve was down, completely out of sight, or just twitching, we could raise this sum by taking two empty jampots along to Luther's factory and he would give us a penny for them. Then into the cinema, the penny still hot from Luther's grasp. A small group of entrepreneurs who had found an illegal way of entry into Luther's storage yard were too busy selling Luther's jampots back to him to have time for films. These boys slipped into adult vices five or six years ahead of the normal date.

Tickets were not issued. Charlie Lush, his eyes getting wilder as Luther, in apostolic vein, stood in the foyer demanding that none be turned away, cowered inside the door, the wire on which he speared the tickets on normal nights drooping at his side, to be used as a kind of dirk in the case of in-fighting which was often necessary, for baiting Lush was a noted local sport.

Luther liked to feel our attachment to him. He made a show of admitting us into the task of choosing the films we saw. He would appear on the stage, bowlered, smiling, urbane. "And next Saturday, children, I can offer you a choice between a film with Thomas Meighan and one with Tom Mix. I want the choice to be yours alone. Who's



"The insects are polythene too, of course."

MONASTIC



for Thomas Meighan?" We were delighted with the flavour of power this gave us. Every hand went up for Meighan. "Good. And who's for Tom Mix?" Every hand went up for Mix. We would have thought it treason not to vote for every motion put. "Right. Mix it is." Mix it always was. Luther seemed to have a tight lien on every foot of film that Tom Mix ever made.

Once a year he gave us a special treat on the afternoon of Boxing Day. Entry was free and the film, personally chosen by Luther, was a special one. Usually it was a great spectacle. Rod la Roq in *The Ten Commandments* with Theodore Roberts immense as Moses. Emil Jannings in *Quo Vadis*, followed by a short talk from Luther urging us to remember what we had seen of Nero and lead decent lives. Hoot Gibson in *Flaming Frontiers* and various big Westerns with George O'Brien and Buck Jones, men whose breadth and gait we idolised. So many of us walked about with unnaturally extended chests and bowed legs, in tribute to O'Brien and Jones, that the medical officer diagnosed some new epidemic deformity and loaded the reservoir with calcium. Not only did we get into these shows for nothing, Luther also distributed gifts. Comics, nuts and oranges. Luther was friendly with a bookseller and a fruiterer whose lives were a stutter of trouble over such things as drink and venery, and they would periodi-

cally let Luther have their bankrupt stock. He also distributed pieces of folded paper which let out an explosive sound when sharply flipped. That gift was dropped when it was found to be dementing Charlie Lush who signalled the loosening of his last hinge by turning up for duty in a helmet of the first world war and his ticket-wire sharpened to bayonet sharpness. The quality of the fruit we got from Luther was poor. The oranges looked as if they had walked from Spain and the nuts had the name of a dentist stamped on the inner shell. But any hint of largesse in those days made a thunder of delight.

Then towards the middle '20s some part of the brightness went out of Luther. He himself had a lot of rheumatism brought on by standing between clients and the walls to defend his murals. Jam was selling on a market that had no place for sweetness. Many cinema customers were weaned away by the town's Band of Hope which had secularised its programme in a bid to win the gaiety stakes. Luther walked at the centre of a great pallor. Even his taste in films changed. He made a point of tracking down the most brooding, sentimental films. He sent a wire to Hollywood asking them to let him have a private copy of any picture they thought too



"Today, brothers, I want to talk to you about the dangers inherent in the comforts of the flesh . . ."



depressing for general circulation. He showed a clutch of tear-jerkers that promoted more grief than regret and remembrance. The clients were wetter than the walls. Even Charlie Lush became more recessive and this was considered a feat of movement, for no one in Meadow Prospect had ever seemed to be more pinned to the rock-face than Lush.

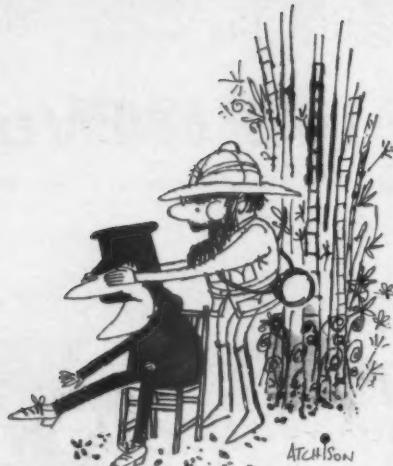
On the Boxing Day of the year in which this decline began he threw his cinema open for the free film and the handing out of gifts. The gifts had come in for the plague of sadness. The comics all had a covert religious message; the oranges looked as if they were asking for political asylum and the nuts said quietly that they would need to be opened by gunfire.

The special film was *Over The Hill*, a film which, emotionally, burst over the Western world like a monsoon. The star was Mary Carr, an elderly actress who went through the cinema of the '20s having no luck at all. (In *The Ten Commandments* she was buried under a cathedral built by her son, Rod la Roq, a building contractor with less conscience than one of his winches. The son's mistress, Nita Naldi, gets leprosy, a touch that had the deacons rolling. They were given complimentary tickets by Luther who felt in need of a cheer from the theological flank after the local pietists had tabled a successful motion

against jam as an immoral substance.) In *Over The Hill* Mary Carr was an old mother who gets put in the workhouse by an ungrateful son. There is a loving son who is railroaded to gaol by the ingrate. When he is released he goes up the hill to the workhouse and fetches his mother down. The ingrate is struck by lightning. The audience were moved to a fury of desolation, weeping and sobbing at the volume of a first-class wake, leaving the cinema thinking a lot better of mothers and lightning.

Before the film started Luther came on to the stage and said he hoped the film would move us to tears and pity. He saw the need for these things and he said he hoped to see us soaked and rueful when the lights went up.

The film began. It was as sad as an old-fashioned walking funeral. Most of the children became distracted. There were shouted demands for Hoot Gibson, Douglas Fairbanks, Elmo Lincoln and the other vaulting extroverts of the period. Some of us in the gallery dropped our oranges and nuts on Luther and Lush as they moved up and down the aisles urging silence and compassion. That year most of us had been given flashlights, electric torches, for Christmas and we brought all these into play at once.



The hall was lighter than day and only a few voters in the front benches, who were there by virtue of a special sort of myopia, could see what was happening to Mary Carr. It was the first X-ray the Col. had ever had. The results were alarming. Luther and Lush were enveloped in a vast spotlight that made them look like emerging clowns. This upset Lush who had spent so many years in the darkness of the Col. he was more sensitive to light than a moth.

After half an hour of this Luther stopped the film. He told us he was disgusted, that if we were anything to go by the world was in for an eclipse of sympathy and that never again would there be a free Boxing Day matinee, never again a distribution of gifts.

Eleven months later Luther closed the Col. and sold the jam factory. He went to live in a small mansion surrounded by trees in the middle of the town, and was never to be seen. His only link with the outside world was Charlie Lush whom he employed as valet and companion. It was a poor link, for Lush, as a communicant, was a faulty wire.

On Christmas Eve my mother paused in her mountainous task of baking and said it was a pity that this Boxing Day there would be no cinema treat. We agreed. Treats were thin on the tree. Then my mother said it would be a good idea if we went around and gave Luther a carol. We did not agree. A few nights before some friends of ours had gone up Luther's drive to do some carolling. They stood in the porch and started "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen." Between verses they heard a kind of dry laughter from behind the door but they had paid no heed to this, thinking that the people inside were seeing more in this carol than they, being young, had been able to see. Then Luther and Lush, bearing what our friends said were weapons of the pike and stave kind, had driven them down the drive setting the teeth of the Christian world decisively on edge.

The following day, Christmas morning, we thought again of what our mother had said. We relented. We went along to Luther's. We stood on the porch. We went through the whole range of carols. We listened carefully between items. There was no sound of dry

laughing. We assumed that daylight had softened Luther's mood. Then he burst forth alone. We took it that Lush was inside priming the cannon. We did not pause to wonder. Luther chased us right around Meadow Prospect. We darted in through our kitchen door a mere yard ahead of his yearning boot. We slammed the door. He stood outside, ashen, panting and utterly sad.

Our Christmas dinner was being served. The kitchen was bulging with famished diners. My mother had invited every waif in the block and in addition to our own brood they made a small army. To have blunted our collective appetite we would have needed a turkey the size of a condor. Outside, Luther turned away, his shoulders in their black serge drooping like the flags of a last, dark surrender. My mother rushed out, brought him into the kitchen, set him down at the table. There were loud objections from the waifs and ourselves who thought that goodness had already been carried far beyond the bend of sense. Luther ate little. We saw to that. We had arranged ourselves so that he could barely raise his arms. But there were beginnings of a mild gladness on his face.

The following day, Boxing Day, he appeared at our door again, with Charlie Lush. We told him there was no food. We had vultured our way back to a total bareness. He said he did not want food. All he wanted was that we should gather the children of the hillside together.

Five minutes of running and whooping had the tribe assembled. Luther and Charlie led us down the hill. They opened the Col. Luther located the stationer and fruiterer in a nearby pub. Comics and fruit, rumpled and stale after the Christmas recess, were produced. The cinema was arctically cold. The special film was Douglas Fairbanks in *Robin Hood*. Luther, from the stage, made a statement in favour of outlawry and wassail. We grew so numb we peeled the comics and read the jaffas. Our sinuses thickened into a sullen catarrh that lasted well into the Spring. But it got the Col. opened again and Luther back to form. A point had been made.

Transience

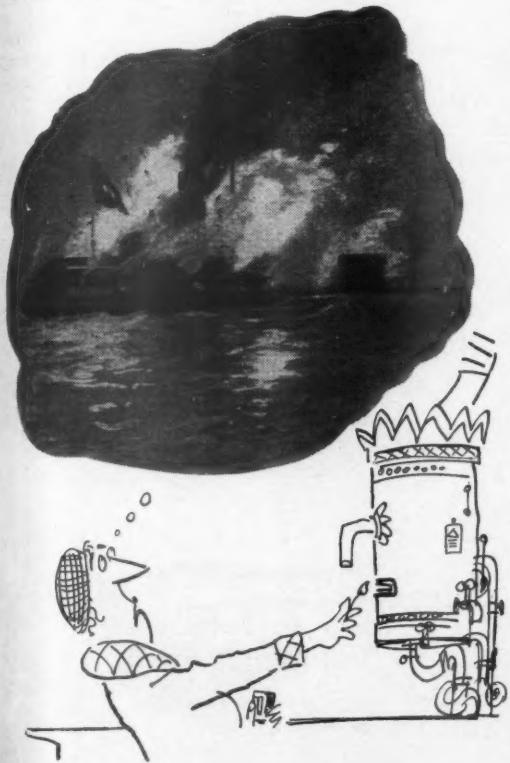
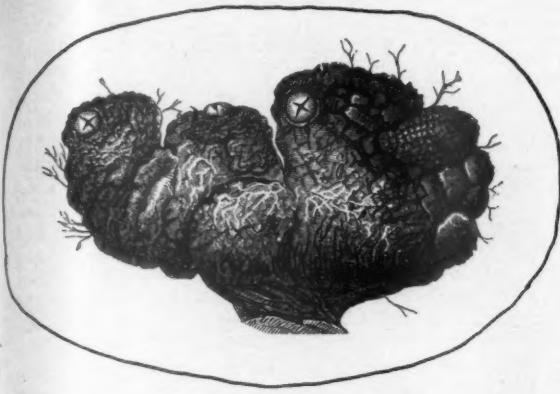
THE tadpole turned into a frog,
Having been recently an egg.
The wooden tree became a log,
And turned into a table-leg.

A lump of coal gave up the ghost
And turned some water into steam,
Some bread into a piece of toast.
A shower of rain became a stream;

After a short time in the sea
It rose as vapour to the sky.
Everything changed, it seemed to me;
Everything changed, and so did I,

Though, for convenience, my name
Deceptively remained the same.

— R. P. LISTER

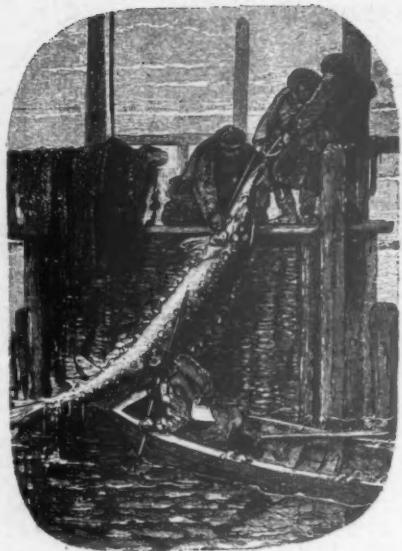


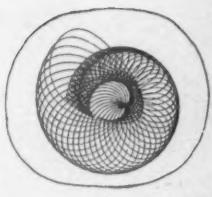
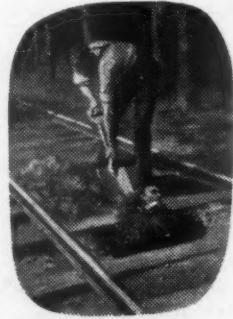
Mind's Eye

By FFOLKES



Mind's
Eye
—continued





Something to Tell the Boys

by R. G. G. PRICE



Although he had been Dr. Arnold's favourite pupil at Rugby, ordained when his beard was still only a few inches long and a Head Master in his early thirties, Saul Hawke was struck speechless when he saw Lotus Petal leaning dreamily against the Great Wall of China.

"Pardon me, Madam, can you direct me to Pekin?" he forced out, after a struggle between his adam's apple and his tight clerical collar.

Lotus Petal quivered with delight at the rough worsted of his knickerbockers, the odour of manly pipe-smoke that hung about his pepper-and-salt straw hat, and his great, cleated boots. She waved her fan of silky peacock's feathers at his penny-farthing bicycle and giggled. It was a giggle that had shifted the dynastic balance in Central Asia and maddened Court Poets and even made pageboy apes forget their training in decorum and run up the yellow satin curtains of the Great Crested Drawing-room.

Saul Hawke recognised it at once for what it was, an enticement, and, drawing upon his wide reading in Moral Theology, he set firmly before his eyes the image of his Mother. This did not work so well as it should have done, perhaps because she had fought at Waterloo as an Ensign of Picton's Horse. Indeed, her sex was discovered only during the Peace Celebrations.

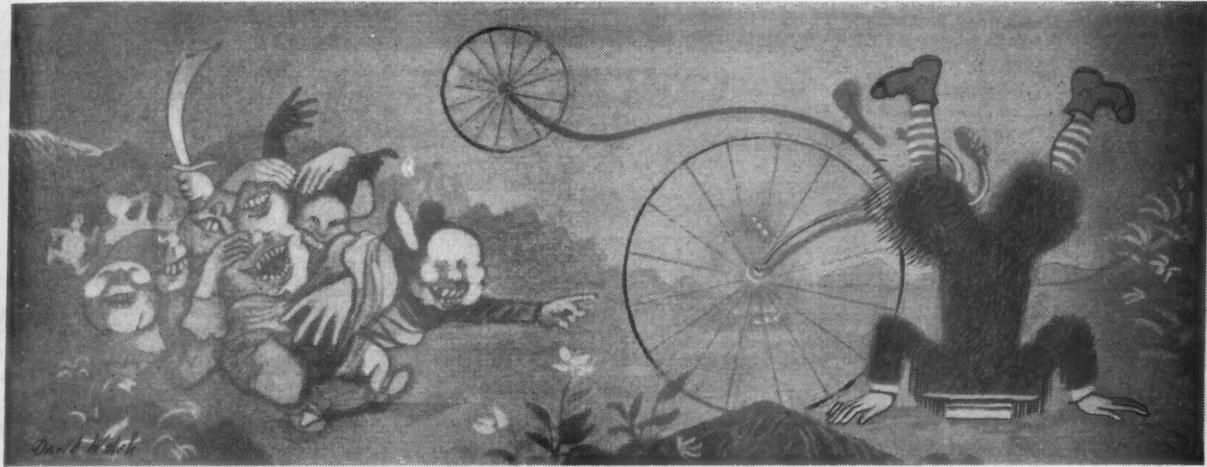
Next he tried to make contact with the fair native by a method he had learned from his wide reading in Missionary History. He set about teaching her, in sign-language, how to cultivate maize economically; but, maybe wilfully, she misunderstood his gestures. It seemed like an impasse. However, if there was one thing a clean-limbed British schoolboy learned amid the rough and tumble of residential life, it was to refuse to admit the existence of such a thing. An impasse, forsooth! Perish the thought! The next thing to try was Trade. He produced some beads from his pocket and dangled them before the maiden. They were jet and had been worn by his Mother during her widowhood.

Lotus Blossom, who had pigeonholed her curious interlocutor as a Foreign Devil, grew bored and turned to look at the shimmer of haze of the hermit-capped mountains and the flight of red-footed fisher birds from the reedy lake by the wispy forest and listened to the temple bells as they sounded across the sharp-edged valley, their discordant janglings resolved by distance, and then she clapped her hands sharply.

Six soldiers of her escort doubled up and were about to test their huge curved swords on the broadest shoulders that had ever played for Oxford when Lotus Blossom stopped them. Before he died he should make a poem for her. She explained her wishes but the stupid animal did not seem to understand Mandarin or even the ruder speech she allowed herself, to the delighted guffaws of her guards. She ordered that the nearest Sage should be fetched to lay his wisdom at her feet and act as an interpreter.

The nearest Sage was one hundred and three years old and had meditated since infancy on the number Seven. On this subject he was something of a specialist; but he was no linguist. He listened gravely to Lotus Blossom, looked Saul Hawke over with an incredulous eye and advised that he should be sold for what he would fetch.

Lotus Blossom lost patience and commanded that they should all proceed to the abode of her present protector. Seating herself with imperious daintiness in a blue-green palanquin with silver curtains and holding a curled leaf to remind herself that Nature abhorred the flat, she gestured to the captive to mount his machine and to the escort to march. The soldiers laughed violently whenever the road foundered into rocks and he



fell off. In the space of a few hours they reached the wild domes of the palace of the War Lord Chang.

In the Courtyard of the Thousand Delights Less One Delight, Saul Hawke was treated with rough kindness and given a bowl of rice and allowed to nourish an appetite by watching the fire-eaters. Alas, instead of being given a spoon, he was provided only with chop-sticks and these he had sworn never to use. He was not going to betray his manhood by using these gewgaws to twiddle his food. As he dug his great hairy fists into the bowl, Lotus Blossom gave a refined shudder and tried to fix her gaze on an iridescent butterfly that was perching and preening itself on the War Lord Chang.

After the banquet had lasted several days, after there had been tumblers and reciters and gong players and jugglers with tortoises and magicians who made two hens grow where but one was before, a beggar advanced with piteous plaints to where the nobles sat in the seat called Exalted.

Bidden to relate his story he told tale after tale of disaster. Thrice had he been bankrupt, once as a merchant of eels, once as a Professor of Rhetoric and once as an importer of Tibetan cookies. He had been shipwrecked in a sea full of gigantic icebergs and again in a sea full of mermaids, each guarded by a fierce dolphin. He had been robbed by demons disguised as tigers. He had married a witch. He had incurred the displeasure of a great prince, who placed him in a cage suspended from the moon, where for ten years he held converse only with a pet cormorant which brought him herrings. Saul Hawke watched his expression closely. He knew the type at once: he was a grouser.

In the course of describing the kidnapping of his daughter by chessmen brought to life through the spells of an enchanter, the beggar mentioned that he happened to know all the tongues of the earth and the lands beneath the earth. Commanded to inform the prisoner that before he suffered death by a thousand cuts he was to compose a poem to Lotus Blossom, he tried to pass the information on in Cantonese and Tamil and Sanskrit and Chaldee and Welsh.

"I don't understand your lingo, old feller," said Saul Hawke.

Then the beggar moved on to Latin and he felt in his element again.



It was in the course of spending August collecting material for a series of instructional talks after Chapel that Saul Hawke, a model Victorian headmaster, was crossing Asia; but he found it rather a relief to be recalled from oriental exploration to the proper business of a Man of Learning, the performance of such exercises as translating passages of English verse or prose into the classical tongues.

He would have preferred to compose a poem in praise of some virtue or to the memory of some famous battle in ancient times; but, if the peg for it had to be Lotus Blossom, then he would bow to the inevitable and concentrate on producing a set of verses which in accuracy of metre should be a model to his boys. He would also have preferred that somebody should have written the poem in English first. He was more accustomed to translate than to compose from scratch. He had therefore to begin by roughing out a lyric in English and had just constructed the line

'Yon maiden doth the beauteous rose abash'

when there was a rush and a clang and a mad cry and the sound of breaking trumpets: the War Lord Ping had taken the palace by surprise.

Lotus Blossom met the situation with sangfroid, being fairly confident of counting among the spoils rather than among the slain. The War Lord Chang made a vow not to cut his eyebrows until his rival had been brought lower than the lowermost dust but did not otherwise take any action. The Captain of the Guard auctioned his loyalty. The Keeper of the Ivory Beasts produced a calligraphic masterpiece which he presented to the conqueror, accompanied by a new song in which each note was held for eight hundred and eighty and eight beats of a lark's wing. The hunting lynxes, which had been yawning, sat up stiffly and showed interest.

Saul Hawke was perplexed. Often during his strenuous life he had felt himself torn in different directions. Sometimes he had devoted a whole course of his most impassioned sermons to revealing the doubts and difficulties that beset his every move. He had been known to wait for ten minutes before flogging a boy while explaining to him that the Devil had very nearly succeeded in persuading him to let him off.

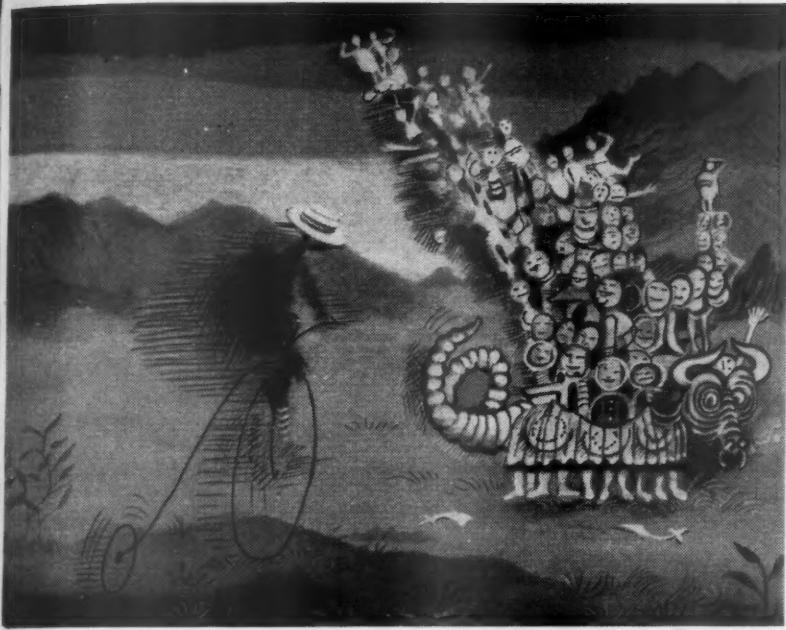
Here was an opportunity to test that ability to tell Right from Wrong on which he had often prided himself. He was a captive, certainly; but was the enemy of his captors necessarily an ally of his? He had eaten the rice of the War Lord Chang and, though he preferred rice to be accompanied by prunes, he was grateful for the hospitality. In a short while he began to feel that, mistaken though the chaps in whose palace he was living might be, they were nearer to being truly white than the gibbering-attackers. He then sat glowering at the troops of the War Lord Ping until he felt he had firmly convinced himself that they were outsiders, beyond the pale, rotters.

Once all doubts were resolved and there was nothing ahead but action, Saul Hawke felt as happy as a boy playing for the first time for the school. Drawing himself to his full height, for his captors had not bound him, perhaps despising him as a European, he mounted his bicycle and, singing lustily the only song he could remember, "*Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen*," he rode hard at the foe.

Stricken with terror, not least by the way his hat-guard emerged from the edge of his beard, they panicked. They fled twittering between the delicately carved pillars of translucent jade, leaped the starry carp ponds, tried to roll themselves up in silken tents, disguised themselves as monks by improvising prayer-wheels, crawled inside paper dragons and sought, by forming a human pyramid, to be mistaken for acrobats.

The War Lord Ping, being the fleetest of his army, got as far as the almond fields before he was caught up by his terrifying pursuer, who then found himself in doubt about how to deal with him. Twelve strokes from his strong right arm, followed by a hearty handshake and an expression of hope that he would mend his ways, would be to treat him too much as though he were the equal of a British schoolboy. The little man was, after all, through no fault of his own, a foreigner. Killing him, though convenient, was out of the question; he appeared to have surrendered. The





effects of a moral talk, though he was good at moral talks, might be mitigated by the barrier of language.

Misunderstanding the sequence of thoughts that crossed the great broad face of his captor, the War Lord Ping, thinking him some kind of muscular missionary, offered him five hundred converts in return for his life. When the unintelligible offer was not immediately accepted he dropped to his knees and bid a thousand. He would undoubtedly have gone higher had not Saul Hawke suddenly recollected that, important as it was to chastise the wrongdoer, it was more important still to reach Pekin before it was time to return to school. Lectures on China that omitted the capital would indeed be open to criticism on grounds of lack of thoroughness.

He looked at his gold repeater and murmured, "How late it's getting," one of the key phrases of nineteenth century Britain, as Lewis Carroll noticed. So, ruffling the War Lord's hair with kindly condescension and digging him playfully in the ribs with his square bootcap, Saul Hawke rode off into the Celestial Night.



OVERSEAS COMPETITION



A



B



C



D



E



F

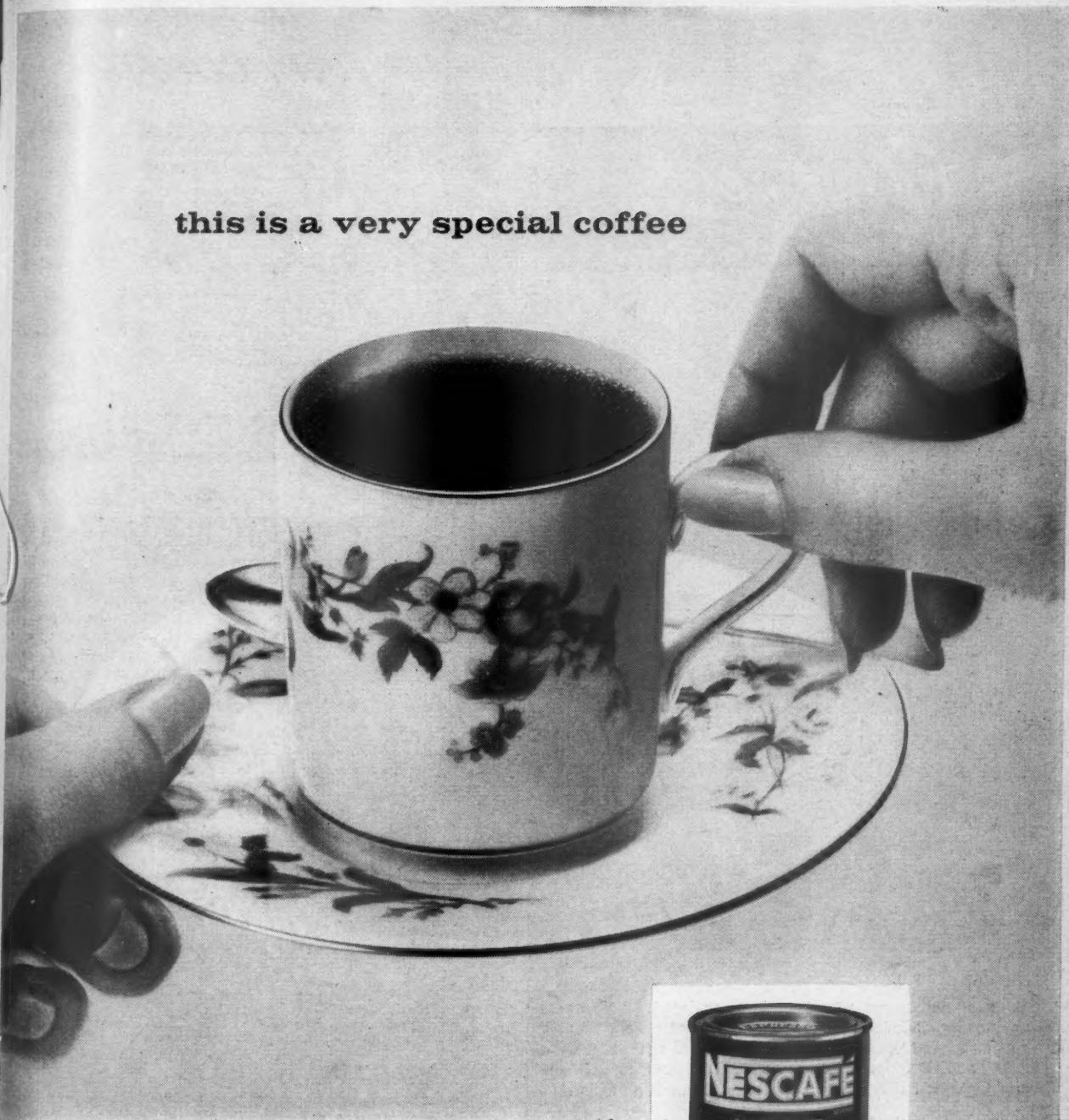
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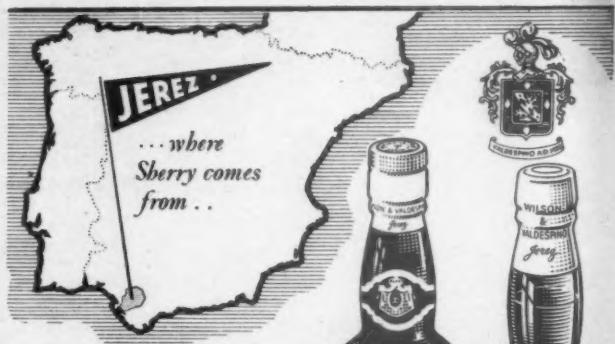
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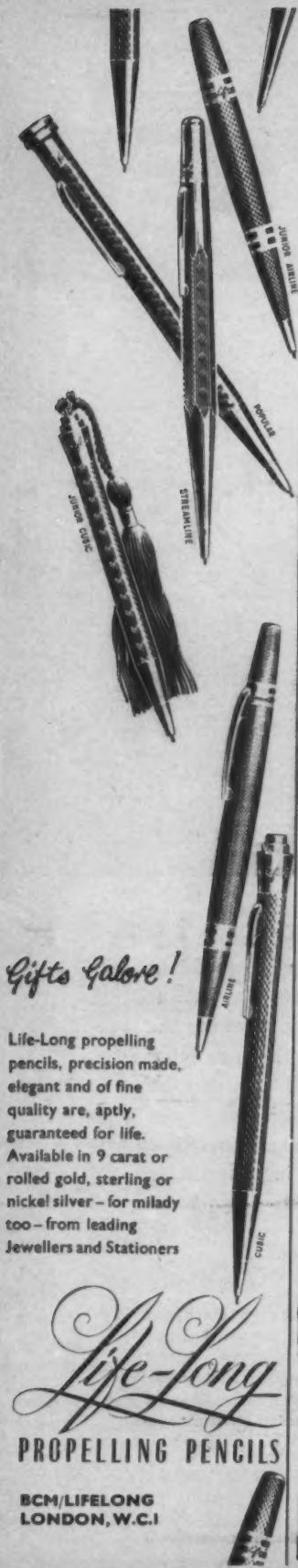


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psychiatrist
says

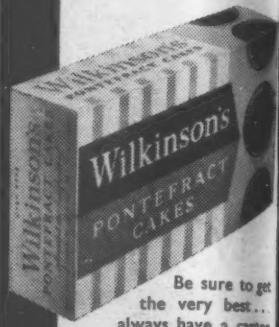


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GUINNESS PETS PAGE N° 1

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But from the first he's never ceased
To try to tame the savage beast,
And makes himself a sap indeed
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This is his most becoming trait,
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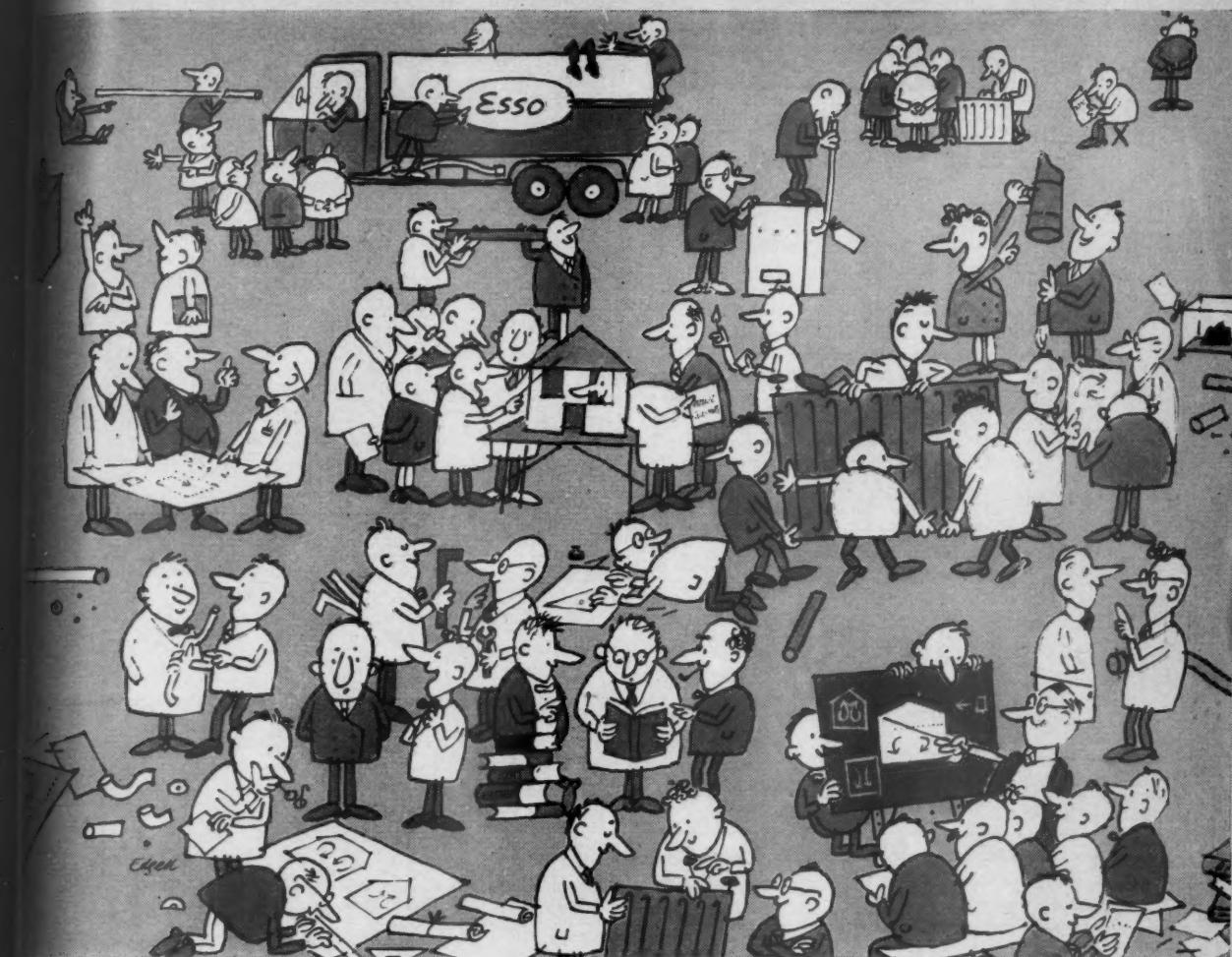
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AN OIL-FIRED heating system tailored to your home, your needs and *your pocket*. That is the warm and labour-saving future the Esso Heating Advisory Service offers you. That is the happy Essolution to the cost of keeping winter at bay!

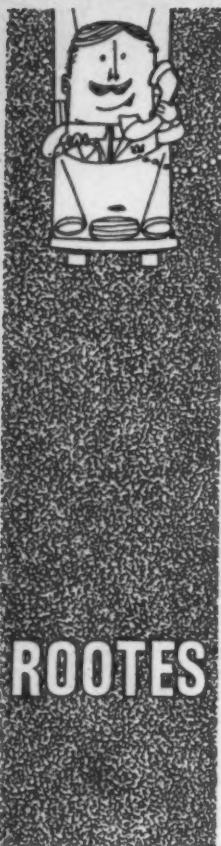
EXPERT ADVICE FOR THE ASKING

Just fill in the coupon, and the Esso Heating Advisory Service will go to work. One of its 74 Advisers will arrange, without fee or obligation, a scheme specially for you. A practical, flexible scheme that can be adapted to your budget and paid for over five years if you like.

BE SUMMER-WARM THIS WINTER

Think of it! A summer-warm home and lashings of hot water 365 days a year. Don't wait another day to enjoy the comfort, convenience and cleanliness of oil-fired heating. Pick up your pen, NOW!

ESSO
HEATING ADVISORY SERVICE



RED CARPET CAR HIRE SERVICE

as near as your telephone

SELF-DRIVE OR CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN

It's easy to hire a car from Rootes—just lift the 'phone and the famous Rootes red-carpet service is at your command—at competitive rates.

A Rootes hire car is ideal for every occasion—for that evening at the theatre, shopping expedition or week-end with friends. Business-wise people choose Rootes also for client visits and factory trips, for the use of visiting V.I.P.'s from overseas and on long-term contract for their sales fleet.

With the latest models, perfectly maintained and fully insured, it's a wise decision and good business to hire a car from Rootes.

ROOTES

CAR HIRE

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ABBEY HALL • ABBEY ROAD • LONDON NW8

Also at: Birmingham 3 - 90 Charlotte Street
Tel: Central 8411
Manchester • Olympia • Knott Mill
Tel: Blackfriars 6677



By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen
Suppliers of Domecq Sherry, Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd.

**For the
discriminating
palate . . .**

IF you know just how good a Sherry can be . . . if you appreciate the delight of a perfect Fino, exquisite in flavour, just full enough in body, just dry enough for the most discriminating palate, there is no Sherry quite comparable with Domecq's "La Ina".

Remember, Domecq's Sherries are grown and aged in Jerez, Spain. They are among the finest in the world and have been acknowledged as such throughout the centuries.

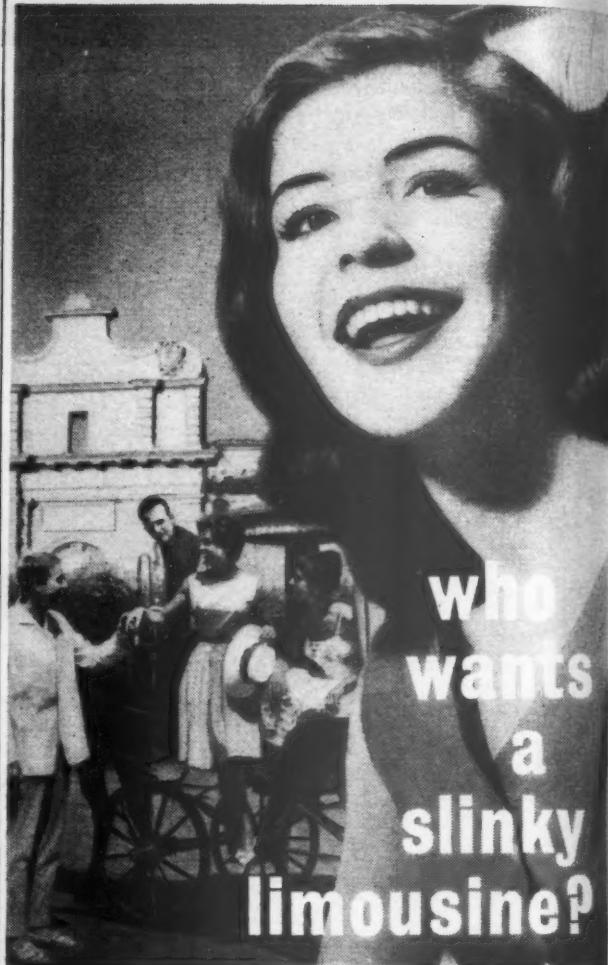
Domecq's
LA INA
Fino Exquisite Dry

Obtainable through your usual channels of supply.

Sole Importers (Wholesale only) Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd., 12 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1



*The finest
of Sherries*



**who
wants
a
slinky
limousine?**

You simply won't need a slinky limousine (and all that goes with it) while you're holidaying in Malta. You'll ride around in a quaint horse-drawn Karrozzin—it's the thing to do.

Malta is gay, charming, sincere. Malta is a touch of Spain, of France, of Italy and Morocco. Malta is five thousand years of living history and traditions, reflected in the Auberges of the Knights, the cathedrals, the neolithic remains, the paintings, tapestries, sculptures. Malta is all this and unlimited sunshine too—300 guaranteed sunny days in the year.

Malta

THE MEDITERRANEAN'S YOUNGEST RESORT

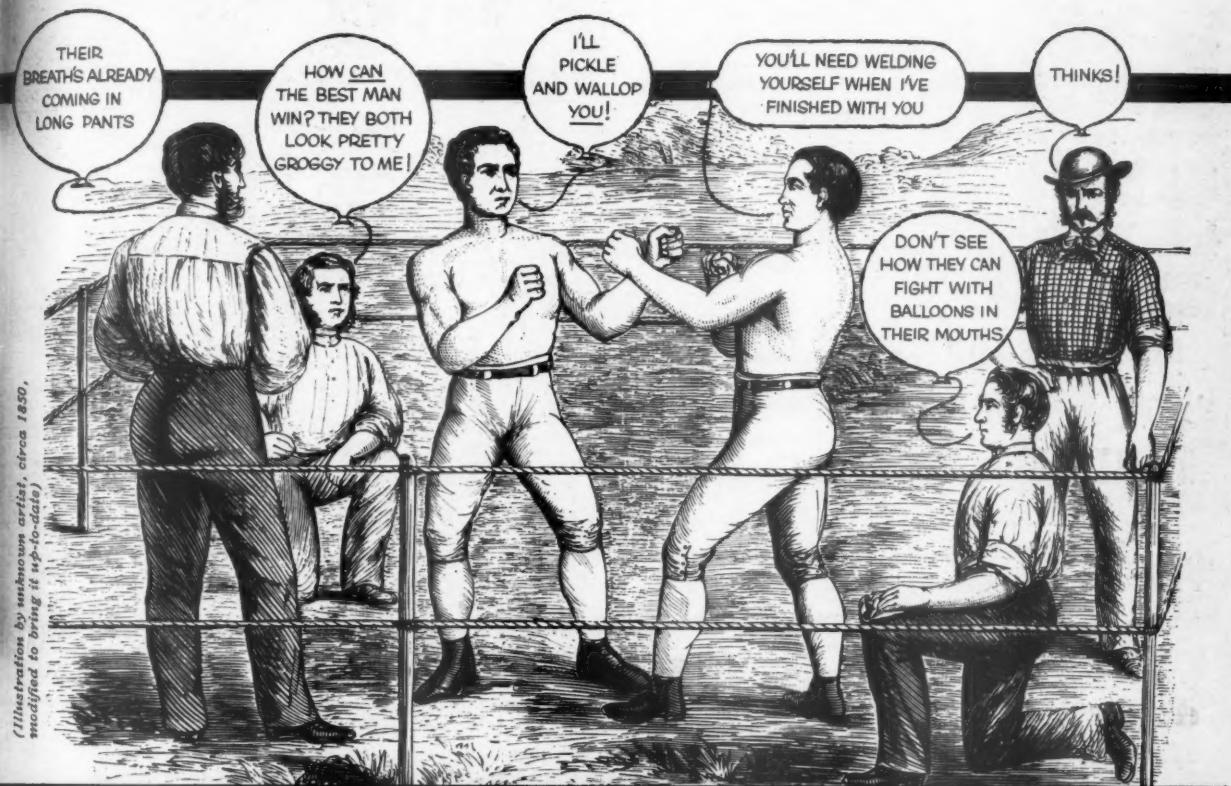
P.S. If you've got to have your limousine (and all that goes with it) you'll have it pretty soon now. For Malta's growing, growing, growing to be the gayest holiday spot on the Mediterranean.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL
AGENT FOR DETAILS



IS IT PICKLES & WALLOP FOR WELDED STAINLESS TUBES?

Fighting arguments come out into the open



If it were not for the well-known fact that nobody (except the Directors of Accles & Pollock) ever reads advertisements we should now be in the difficult position of explaining what this one is all about. As it is, all we need do is to state clearly what the Directors would like to read. **HERE IT IS:-** For a long time past Accles & Pollock (sometimes miscalled Pickles & Wallop, Anchors & Poppycock etc. etc.) have been known as skilled makers, manipulators and fabricators of cold-drawn seamless precision steel tubes. The Directors would like all fifty-two million of you to know that, not only are they the country's largest producers of seamless stainless steel tubes but that they are also the leading makers of **WELDED** and **DRAWN WELDED STAINLESS** steel tubes. For many purposes, **WELDED** and **DRAWN WELDED** stainless tubes offer considerable economic advantages.

We should be most obliged if all manufacturers — potential users of stainless steel tubes — would sign the affidavit alongside for the Directors —

We I the undersigned hereby declare that I/We have read and nearly fully understood Accles & Pollock's Directors statement about Stainless Steel Tubes and would like a technical booklet about them (the tubes, not the Directors).



TBW 323

Accles & Pollock Ltd
Oldbury, Birmingham. A  Company

REORIENTATE



**PAY LESS FOR
THE WORLD'S
GREAT HOLIDAY
IN '61—IT'S
'VISIT INDIA YEAR'**

INDIA '61 means luxury air travel at new low costs. On domestic air routes linking 70 great cities, the Indian Airline Corporation with a flying record of twenty million reliable aircraft miles per year offers a 5% concession on selected tours.

INDIA '61 means air-conditioned rail travel at new low costs. Indian Railways, one of the world's largest efficient networks, offers a 25% rebate. Also, combined travel-as-you-like tickets for thirty days carry a lump-sum concession. The cost of travel in India ranks among the world's cheapest.

INDIA '61 means superb food and accommodation at new low costs. The Federation of Hotels and Restaurants of India offer 5% concessions on normal rates. In India, hotels compare favourably with the world's best in luxury. Many more tourist bungalows and converted palaces are now available. In India the best food (Oriental and European) is inexpensive.

INDIA '61 means big game hunting at new low costs. The Shikar Outfitters' Association offer a 5% concession on schedule rates.

INDIA '61 means front row seats for national festivals. All State Governments and cultural academies will co-operate to ensure this.

MAKE IT

INDIA '61

ten thousand images

Ask your travel agent about 'Visit India Year' or contact the India Government Tourist Office, 28 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. Tel: TRAfalgar 1717

4 GTS 6263



**This is a man who
always KROPPS up**

It's not that he just wants to be different, it's simply that he prefers to KROPP up. The chap next door always KROPPS down, but they both get really close, clean shaves.

Anyone who uses a KROPP open razor is sure of a very fine shave. And at 25/- including tax, a KROPP is your keen friend for life. Send 3d. stamp for brochure.

KROPP

The razor for the perfect shave

OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO. LIMITED
51-55 Frith St, London, W1

**The most handsome
Tweeds are DONEGAL
HANDWOVEN!**

No mechanically produced tweed can equal the charm of these handwoven fabrics, many with the distinctive irregular fleck, and the subtle beauty of the colours taken from the lovely Irish countryside.

To enable you to identify Donegal Handwoven Tweed beyond all doubt, an exclusive Mark is now applied to it. In your own interests, make sure you see this Mark on the cloth, and on the label in the garment. *Then you are sure you are buying genuine Donegal HANDWOVEN Tweed—by far the smartest for town or country.*



The Mark is based on the ancient Irish 'd' in the Book of Kells, the famous 8th century manuscript preserved in Trinity College, Dublin.

Issued by the Donegal Handwoven Tweed Association Ltd., Donegal, Ireland.

**He
knows
you
know**



that Plasticine is the best modelling material in the world for achieving the best results—easily and effectively. Available in 17 artistic colours and a wide range of modelling outfits.

Sole Manufacturers
HARSBUTT'S PLASTICINE LTD.,
Bathampton, Bath, Somerset.

Plasticine
REGD. TRADE MARK



STOCKED BY ALL LEADING
STORES, BUILDERS MERCHANTS
and FURNISHING IRONMONGERS

LIST FREE from IFCO Ltd. LIVERPOOL

**OUR GUARANTEE
IS YOUR
SAFEGUARD**



6 colours or galvanized.
Reinforced to last.
Height 22 ins.
Carries a written guarantee.
From your hardware dealer.

PRICE 26/9

*Always ask for
'BIRD' BRAND*



This fine British Cigar, introduced many years ago, is more popular than ever today.

**CARASADA
INTERMEZZOS**

Elegant shape
5½" long,
as illustrated

Delicate aroma with charming flavor.
55/- per box
25, Post Paid, U.K.

GREENS LTD.
Wine & Cigar Merchant
34 Royal Exchange
Cornhill, London, E.C.3

BURMA CHEROOTS
'Call of the East'

Length 4"

Trial Box of 25

42/5

post free

(U.K.)

Imports from
the native maker

GREENS LTD.
Wine & Cigar Merchant
34 Royal Exchange, LONDON, E.C.3
May we quote you for your Wines, Spirits & Cigar requirements?

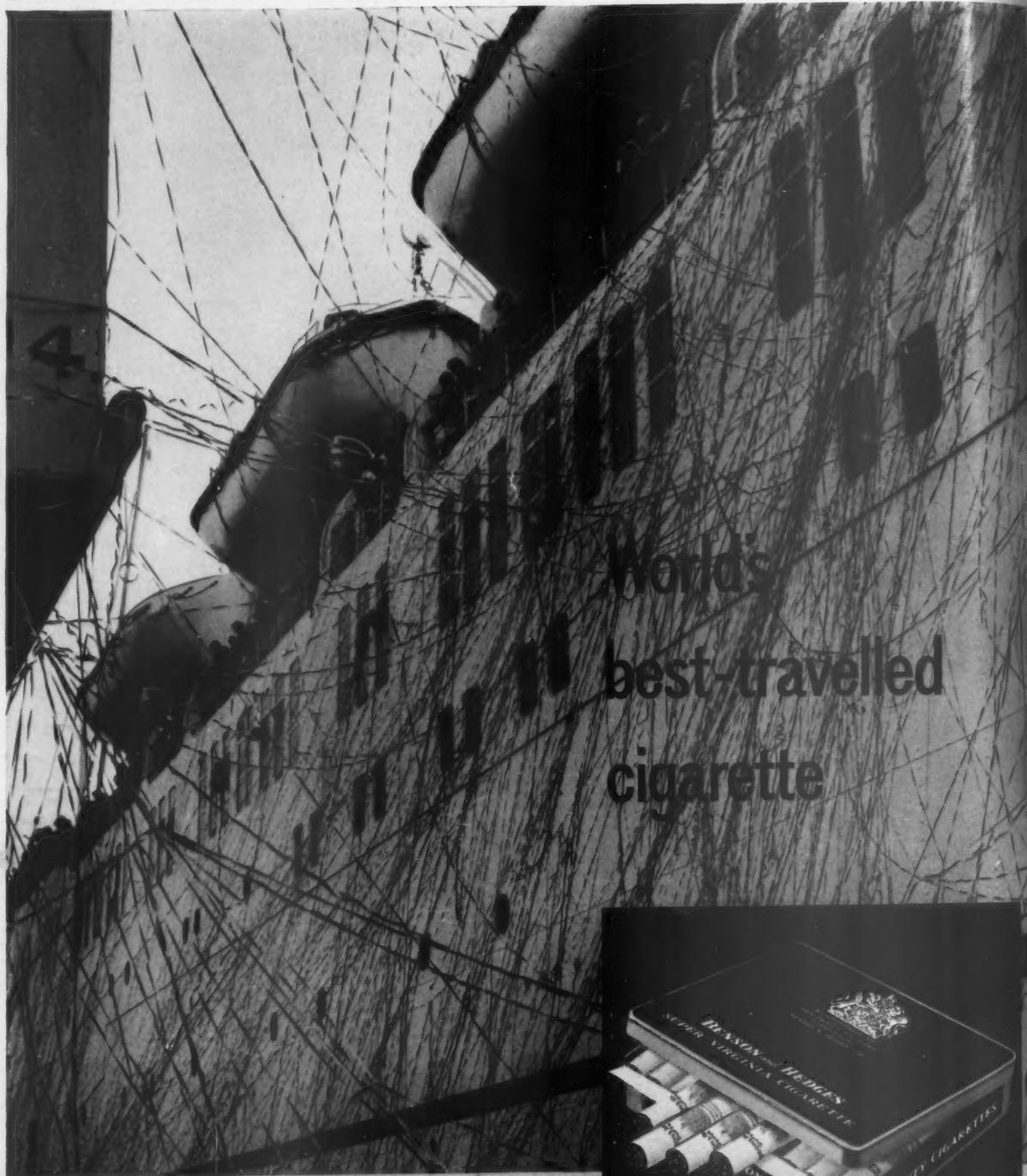


"BREEDING is as apparent in a Suffolk Punch as in a thoroughbred, though the results are quite different" reflected Mr. Lemon Hart. "As" he added "in Lemon Hart Golden and Dark de Luxe. Each is supreme in its own class—your choice will depend on whether you prefer light or dark Jamaica Rum."



Have a GOOD RUM for your money

SAILING FROM LIVERPOOL



the world's
best-travelled
cigarette



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
AND THE ROYAL FAMILY

BENSON & HEDGES LTD

Liverpool . . . maiden voyage . . . a giant liner festooned with streamers . . . excited voices, a flurry of handkerchiefs . . . a sharp blast from the foghorn and the ship pulls away. First thought, a relaxing cigarette. Natural choice, Benson and Hedges . . . so right and reassuring . . . Benson and Hedges, instinctively, when only the best will do.



Brandy this good has no stars on its label

No brandy of lesser quality than Fine Champagne V.S.O.P. Cognac is permitted to bear the Remy Martin label. Hence no grading by stars. The question does not arise. All you need remember is to ask for Remy Martin. In return you enjoy a superior cognac of liqueur quality. For Remy Martin *make nothing less good*. In a word, Remy Martin cater for the one man in a hundred who refuses to offend his palate—or his guests—with any brandy less good than Fine Champagne V.S.O.P. Just ask for Remy Martin.

PRIDE OF COGNAC

REMY MARTIN

Well-received wines

Supposing that you (improbably) do not know about our Christmas Wine Cases, let us summarize the position: from our cellars (one of Europe's finest) we take wines and spirits in the flower of condition. We pack them free. We deliver them free, anywhere in Great Britain. Your part in this Christmas ceremony is quite formal: you merely write us your order. May we send you our Christmas Gift list?



Case No. 1 £1.14.0

1 bottle Port No. 7 Ruby
Fairly full, well matured
1 bottle Sherry No. 6
Medium Pale, moderately dry

Case No. 2 £2.4.0

1 bottle Sherry No. 19
Light Golden Oloroso, medium
body; clean nutty flavour
1 bottle Port No. 7 Ruby
Fairly full, well matured
1 bottle Burgundy Beaujolais 1959
Attractive, light and fruity

Case No. 3 £3.7.0

1 bottle Port No. 14 Tawny
Very fine rare old Wine
1 bottle Sherry No. 12 Amontillado
Medium dry, full flavour
1 bottle Pouilly Fuisse 1959
1 bottle Chateauneuf du Pape 1957
A warm generous Wine from the
Rhône Valley

Case No. 4 £4.13.0

1 bottle Burgundy
Gevrey Chamberlin 1957
Good body, fine flavour
1 bottle Sherry No. 6 Medium Pale
1 bottle Port No. 8 Old Tawny
Round and smooth, excellent flavour
1 bottle Scotch Whisky Vat "B",
A. & N.

Case No. 5 £6.19.6

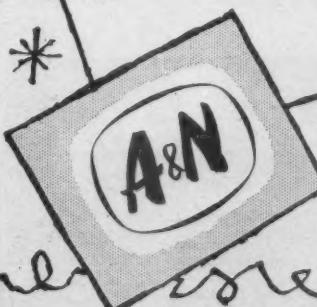
1 bottle Sherry No. 19
Light Golden Oloroso
1 bottle Port No. 8 Old Tawny
1 bottle Burgundy
Nuits St. Georges 1957
A distinctive and attractive Wine
1 bottle Scotch Whisky Vat "B",
A. & N.
1 bottle Cognac 3 star A. & N.
Of good age, with a fine bouquet

Case No. 6 £10.4.6

1 bottle Scotch Whisky Mark IV
Very Fine Pure Malt, seven years old
1 bottle Cognac 3 star A. & N.
1 bottle Champagne
Veuve Clicquot 1953
1 bottle Sherry No. 12 Amontillado
1 bottle Port No. 14 Tawny
2 bottles Burgundy Pommard 1955
A very fine example of this Vintage
1 bottle Chateau Rieussec 1957
Sauternes Fairly sweet, rich flavour

CIGARS TOO—

Havanas, Jamaicans in superb condition from our cedar-lined Cigar Room. May we send our Cigar list?



ARMY & NAVY STORES WESTMINSTER SW1 EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE
VICTORIA 1234 DAY & NIGHT 5 minutes' walk from Victoria Station Stuarts



**Old War Horse
Memorial Hospital, Cairo**
(Brooke Hospital for Animals)
Founded in 1934 by Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke

"FOR LOVE OF HORSES"
The Diaries of Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke

Edited by GLENDA SPOONER

The story, remarkable yet true, based on the Diaries which Mrs. Brooke kept during her Old War Horse Campaign in Egypt, and vividly told by Mrs. Spooner, Organiser of the Ponies of Britain Clubs. Cloth bound, ninety-two pages, with nineteen pages of illustrations in photographs and a dust-cover by Pamela Blenman-Bull. Specially published to aid our funds for the Hospital in Cairo.

Price ten shillings, postage free, from the Secretary

10/-

Old War Horse Memorial Hospital
175, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1



THE ARMS OF YOUR FOREBARES,
professional society, town, school, college,
ship or service unit badge are probably in our
files. Write for Brochure describing Shields for
interior decoration and gifts, to ...

7" x 6"

29s

10" x 12"

79s

HUNTER & SMALLPAGE LTD. YORK.



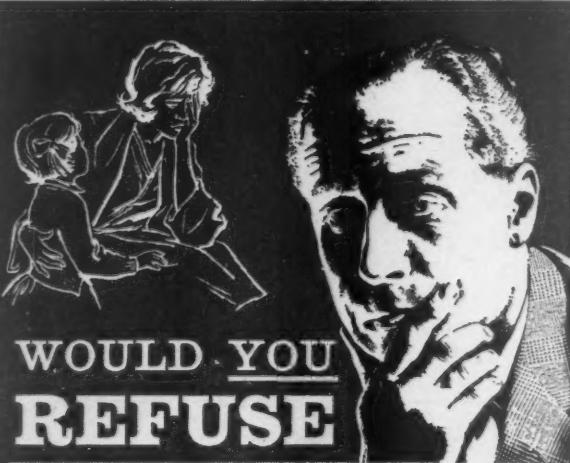
Thinking of Springs ?

We design and supply all types of coil, compression, extension, torsion springs and presswork all individually produced to do a particular job. Our Technical Division is fully equipped to recommend the specific solution to meet your particular needs.

THE TEMPERED SPRING
COMPANY LIMITED
SHEFFIELD

A Member of the Tempered Group

P.O. Box 17, Warren Street, Sheffield 4
Telephone: 21333-4-5
'Grams: Tempered Sheffield Telex: 54-103



Of course you would not refuse help. But speedy practical measures backed by experience are often called for. Wherever there is need The Salvation Army stretches out a ready hand. Its homes for the aged, for children, for unmarried mothers, hostels for homeless men and women and Goodwill Centres, serve an essential cause. But you can help. Gifts and bequests are vital to maintain the work.

Please send to **The Salvation Army**
113 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Comprehensive information on our work is given in the booklet "Samaritan Army" which will be gladly sent on request.

The finest
HAVANA
Cigar



create quality biscuits

TABLE WATER BISCUITS bring out the best in cheese

Carrs of Carlisle will be pleased to send you a copy of their booklet 'The enjoyment of cheese'.

motorists of tomorrow



JOSEPH LUCAS LTD · BIRMINGHAM 19

Someday she will drive and then? One thing is certain. She will be aided by a Lucas Battery of advanced design and high efficiency. Constant laboratory research and proving then, as now, will ensure that Lucas are Britain's Best Batteries.

For sheer power, stamina, and dependability you cannot improve upon a Lucas Battery, made in Europe's most modern battery factory where all the lessons of constant research in design and performance are embodied in each and every battery.

START WITH LUCAS

Britains
best
battery



Applicable to
the U.K. only

PERFECTION

costs
a little
more



4/- a bottle
(including 10%
surcharge)

The secret of Beefeater's perfection comes from the Burrough family's own traditional method of distilling which gives the gin such delicate, elegant dryness, diamond brightness and velvety softness. It's the gin for a really dry martini—the Beefeater martini. Try Beefeater. You'll agree that the extra it costs is brilliantly justified.

BEEFEATER EXTRA DRY GIN
TRIPLE DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

VERSATILE...

ORB-STAMPED HARRIS TWEED is the tweed of many talents. It wears like a charm, looks very expensive, and is always acceptable in company. Women who know, have at least one coat or suit in their wardrobes made from this traditionally famous tweed.

The Orb Mark is your safeguard that the tweed has been *independently* inspected according to regulations approved by the Board of Trade, and that it is wholly produced in the Islands of the Outer Hebrides.

*So, always look for the
Orb Mark before you buy—*

HARRIS TWEED



Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Ltd.



Independent suspension all round

IN SOCKS BY COXMOORE

Practical and pleasing, COXMOORE 'CALF-GRIP' have been created for the man who puts his foot down for socks that stay *up*. 'Calf-grip' are socks of traditional CoxMoore quality, all pure wool and nylon—reinforced, with the added attraction of lastex yarn throughout the calf-ribbing. They wear wonderfully, hold up comfortably all day without even one tug to remind them and look simply splendid. In plain colours, ribbed, they cost from 8/6. For the same superb sock in a dozen-and-one strictly-U two or three-tone patterns, including traditional Shepherds Check and Birdseye, the price is 10/6.

CoxMoore

creature comforts for men only

**SWEATERS • CARDIGANS • WAISTCOATS • SPORTS SHIRTS • SOCKS
AVAILABLE FROM THE BEST MEN'S SHOPS**

For the name of your nearest stockist write to:

Cox, Moore & Co. Ltd. 49 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.



**HIGH
WADER
SHOES**

Deep depressions, rising floods ... lovely weather for NAUTILUS V, the latest Barker veldtschoen. An inner seal waterproofs them to a depth of over an inch, and, contrary to their rugged appearance, they are surprisingly light in weight. For extra comfort the front is lined with soft glove leather. What price such out-of-the-ordinary all-weather shoes? About six guineas. Nut brown aniline calf. **LEATHER SOLES.**

Barker of Earls Barton

BARKER, SHOEMAKER OF EARLS BARTON, NORTHAMPTON



IS THERE A GENIUS ABOARD?

Who are the people who make sailing with a White Empress so unforgettable? All over a White Empress you'll find the touch of genius that makes sailing with Canadian Pacific the finest way of crossing the Atlantic. To you, it means confidence in the men who sail you. It means superb food. Luxury. Friendliness.

Service that only Canadian Pacific can give you. Sail to Canada with a White Empress—and meet the people who make it so unforgettable!

Details from your Travel Agent or Canadian Pacific, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHItehall 5100.

ALL the White Empresses are fully stabilised and air-conditioned.



White Empress Fleet



